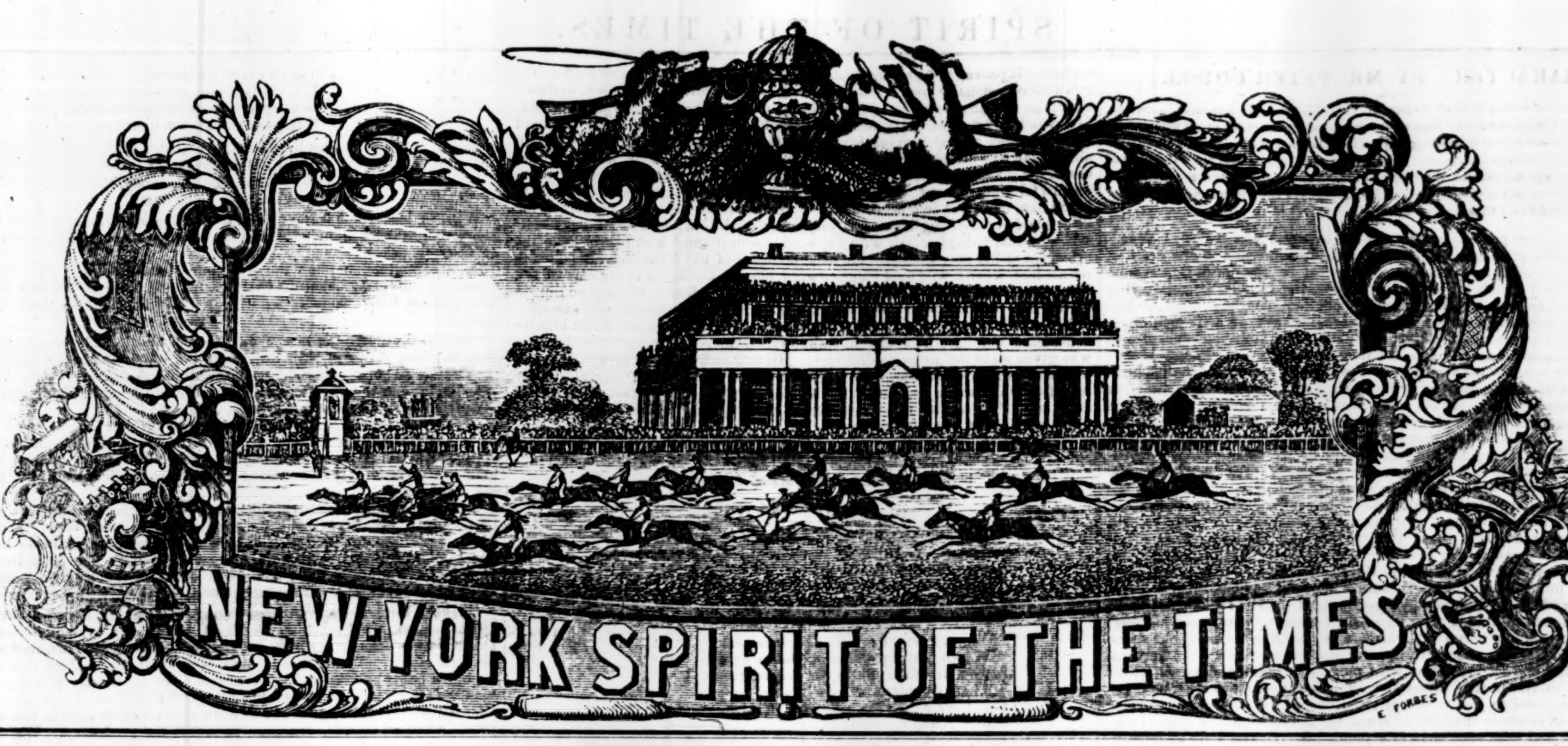

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

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JACK EASY'S TRIANGULAR DUEL

A selection from Capt Marryatt's new novel of "Mr. Midshipman Easy," showing how one Mr. Biggs got "a bullet lodged in the thorax," and how the Boatswain lost two of his grinders and a quid of tobacco, at a single discharge—the whole demonstrating the soundness of a thesis advanced by the well known philosopher, Samuel Patch, that "some things can be done as well as others."

"It's my peculiar hopinion," said Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, one evening, as he was walking the dog-watches with Biggs, the Boatswain, while Jack Easy sat on the forecastle. "It's my peculiar hopinion that a gentleman should behave as a gentleman, and that if a gentleman professes hopinions of hequality, and such liberal sentiments, that he is bound as a gentleman to hact up to them."

"Very true," replied the boatswain, "he is bound to act up to them; and not because a person, who was a gentleman as well as himself, happens not to be on the quarter deck, to insult him because he only has perfessed opinions like his own."

Hereupon Mr. Biggs struck his rattan against the funnel, and looked at Jack.

"Yes," continued the purser's steward, "I should like to see the fellow who would have done so on shore; however, the time will come, when I can again pull hon my plain coat, and then the hinsult shall be vashed hout in blood, Mr. Biggs."

"And I'll be cursed if I don't some day teach a lesson to the blackguard who stole my trousers."

"Vas all your money right, Mr. Biggs?" inquired the purser's steward.

"I didn't count," replied the boatswain, magnificently.

"No—gentlemen are habove that," replied Easthupp; "but there are many light-fingered gentry habout. The quantity of vatches and harticles of value vich vere lost here ven I valked Bond-street in former times, is incredible."

"I can say this, at all events," replied the boatswain, "that I should be always ready to give satisfaction to any person beneath me in rank, after I had insulted him. "I don't stand upon my rank, although I don't talk about equality, damme."

All this was too plain for Jack not to understand, so he walked up to the boatswain, and taking his hat off, with the utmost politeness, said to him, "If I mistake not, Mr. Biggs, your conversation refers to me."

"Very likely it does," replied the boatswain. "Listeners hear no good of themselves."

"It happears that gentlemen can't converse without being vatched," continued Mr. Easthupp, pulling up his shirt collar.

"It is not the first time that you have thought proper to make very offensive remarks, Mr. Biggs; and as you appear to consider yourself ill-treated in the affair of the trousers, for I tell you at once that it was I who brought them on board, I can only say," continued Jack, with a very polite bow, "that I shall be most happy to give you satisfaction."

"I am your superior officer, Mr. Easy," replied the boatswain.

"Yes, by the rules of the service; but you just now asserted you would waive your rank—indeed, I dispute it on this occasion; I am on the quarter-deck, and you are not."

"This is the gentleman whom you have insulted, Mr. Easy," replied the boatswain, pointing to the purser's steward.

"Yes, Mr. Heasy, quite as good a gentleman as yourself, although I av ad misfortunes—I ham of as hold a family as hany in the country," replied Mr. Easthupp, now backed by the boatswain; "many the year did I valk Bond-street, and I ave as good blood in my weins as you, Mr. Heasy, halthough I ave been misfortunate—I've ad hadmirals in my family."

"You have grossly insulted this gentleman," said Mr. Biggs, in continuation; "and notwithstanding all your talk of equality, you are afraid to give him satisfaction—you shelter yourself under your quarter-deck."

"Mr. Biggs," replied our hero, who was now very wroth, "I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you and this fellow put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both--and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give you satisfaction."

"One at a time," said the boatswain.

"No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must *descend*," replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, "to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been but little better than a pickpocket."

This accidental hit of Jack's made the purser's steward turn pale as a sheet, and then equally red. He raved and foamed amazingly, although he could not meet Jack's indignant look, who then turned round again.

"Now, Mr. Biggs, is this to be understood, or do you shelter yourself under your *forecastle*?"

"I am no dodger," replied the boatswain, "and we will settle the affair at Malta."

Mr. Biggs having declared that he would fight, of course had to look out for a second, and he fixed upon Mr. Tallboys, the gunner, and requested him to be his friend. Mr. Tallboys, who had been latterly very much annoyed by Jack's victories over him in the science of navigation, and, therefore, felt ill-will towards him, consented; but he was very much puzzled how to arrange that *three* were to fight at the same time, for he had no idea of there being two duels, so he went to his cabin and commenced reading. Jack on the other hand, dared not say a word to Jolliffe on the subject; indeed, there was no one in the ship in whom he could confide but Gascoigne; he, therefore, went to him, and although Gascoigne thought it was excessively *infra dig.* of Jack to meet even the boatswain, as the challenge had been given, there was no retracing. He, therefore, consented, like all midshipmen, anticipating fun, and quite thoughtless of the consequences.

The second day after they had been anchored in Valette harbor, the boatswain and gunner, Jack and Gascoigne, obtained permission to go on shore. Mr. Easthupp, the purser's steward, dressed in his best blue coat with brass buttons and velvet collar, the very one in which he had been taken up when he had been vowing and protesting that he was a gentleman, and at the very time that his hand was abstracting a pocket book, went up on the quarter deck, and requested the same indulgence, but Mr. Sawbridge refused, as he required him to return staves and hoops at the cooperage. Mesty, also, much to his mortification, was not to be spared.

This was awkward; but it was got over by proposing that the meeting should take place behind the cooperage at a certain hour, on which Mr. Easthupp might slip out and borrow a portion of the time appropriated to his duty, to heal the breach in his wounded honor. So the parties all went on shore, and put up at one of the small inns to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. Tallboys then addressed Mr. Gascoigne, taking him apart while the boatswain amused himself with a glass of grog, and our hero sat outside teasing a monkey.

"Mr. Gascoigne," said the gunner, "I have been very much puzzled how this duel should be fought, but I have at last found it out. You see that there are *three* parties to fight; had there been two or four, there would have been no difficulty, as the right line or square might guide us in that instance; but we must arrange it upon the *triangle* in this."

Gascoigne stared; he could not imagine what was coming.

"Are you aware, Mr. Gascoigne, of the properties of an equilateral triangle?"

"Yes," replied the midshipman, "it has three equal sides—but what the devil has that to do with the duel?"

"Everything, Mr. Gascoigne," replied the gunner; "it has solved the great difficulty: indeed the duel between three can only be fought on that principle.—You observe," said the gunner, taking a piece of chalk out of his pocket, and making a triangle on the table, "in this figure we have three points, each equidistant from each other; and we have three combatants—so that placing one at each point, it is all fair play for the three; Mr. Easy, for instance, stands here, and the boatswain here, and the purser's steward at the third corner. Now, if the distance is fairly measured, it will be all right."

"But then," replied Gascoigne, delighted at the idea, "how are they to fire?"

"It certainly is not of much consequence," replied the gunner, "but still as sailors, it appears to me that they should fire with the sun; that is, Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, Mr. Biggs fires at Mr. Easthupp, Mr. Easthupp fires at Mr. Easy; so that you perceive that each party has his shot at one, and at the same time receives the fire of another."

Gascoigne was in ecstasies at the novelty of the proceeding, the more so as he perceived that Easy obtained every advantage by the arrangement.

"Upon my word, Mr. Tallboys, I give you credit; you have a profound mathematical head, and I am delighted with your arrangement. Of course, in these affairs, the principals are bound to comply with the arrangements of the seconds, and I shall insist upon Mr. Easy consenting to your excellent and scientific proposal.

Gascoigne went out, and pulling Jack away from the monkey, told him what the gunner had proposed, at which Jack laughed heartily.

The gunner also explained it to the boatswain, who did not very well comprehend, but replied,

"I dare say it's all right—shot for shot, and d—n all favors."

The parties then repaired to the spot with two pairs of ship's pistols, which Mr. Tallboys had smuggled on shore; and, as soon as they were on the ground, the gunner called Mr. Easthupp out of the cooperage. In the meantime, Gascoigne had been measuring an equilateral triangle of twelve paces—and marked it out. Mr. Tallboys, on his return with the purser's steward, went over the ground, and finding that it was "equal angles subtended by equal sides," declared that it was all right. Easy took his station, the boatswain was put into his, and Mr. Easthupp, who was quite in a mystery, was led by the gunner to the third position.

"But, Mr. Tallboys," said the purser's steward, "I don't understand this—Mr. Easy will first fight Mr. Biggs, will he not?"

"No," replied the gunner, "this is a duel of three. You will fire at Mr. Easy, Mr. Easy will fire at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs will fire at you. It is all arranged, Mr. Easthupp."

"But," said Mr. Easthupp, "I do not understand it. Why is Mr. Biggs to fire at me? I have no quarrel with Mr. Biggs."

"Because Mr. Easy fires at Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs must have his shot as well."

"If you have ever been in the company of gentlemen, Mr. Easthupp," observed Gascoigne, "you must know something about duelling."

"Yes, yes, I've kept the best company, Mr. Gascoigne, and I can give a gentleman satisfaction; but——"

"Then, sir, if that is the case, you must know that your honor is in the hands of your second, and that no gentleman appeals."

"Yes, yes, I know that, Mr. Gascoigne; but still I've no quarrel with Mr. Biggs, and therefore, Mr. Biggs, of course you will not aim at me."

"Why, you don't think that I'm going to be fired at for nothing," replied the boatswain; "no, no, I'll have my shot any how."

"But at your friend, Mr. Biggs."

"All the same, I shall fire at somebody; shot for shot, and hit the luckiest."

"Vell, gentlemen I purtest against these proceedings," replied Easthupp; "I came here to have satisfaction from Mr. Easy, and not to be fired at by Mr. Biggs."

"Don't you have satisfaction when you fire at Mr. Easy?" replied the gunner; "what more would you have?"

"I purtest against Mr. Biggs firing at me."

"So you would have a shot without receiving one?" cried Gascoigne; "the fact is, that this fellow's a confounded coward, and ought to be kicked into the cooperage again."

At this affront Mr. Easthupp rallied, and accepted the pistol offered by the gunner.

"You ear these words, Mr. Biggs; pretty language to use to a gentleman. You shall ear from me, sir, as soon as the ship is paid off. I purtest no longer, Mr. Tallboys; death before dishonor—I'm a gentleman, damme!"

At all events, the swell was not a very courageous gentleman, for he trembled most exceedingly as he pointed his pistol.

The gunner gave the word as if he were exercising the great guns on board ship.

"Cock your locks!—Take good aim at the object!—Fire!—Stop your vents!"

The only one of the combatants who appeared to comply with the latter suplimentary order was Easthupp, who clapped his hand to his trousers behind, gave a loud yell, and then dropped down, the bullet having passed clean through his seat of honor, from his having presented his broadside as a target to the boatswain as he faced towards our hero. Jack's shot had also taken effect, having passed through both the boatswain's cheeks, without further mischief than extracting two of his best upper double teeth, and forcing through the hole of the farther cheek the boatswain's own quid of tobacco. As for Mr. Easthupp's ball, as he was very unsettled, and shut his eyes before he fired, it had gone, the Lord knows where.

The purser's steward lay on the ground and screamed—the boatswain spit his double teeth and two or three mouthfuls of blood out, and then threw down his pistol in a rage.

"A pretty business, by God," sputtered he; he's put my pipe out. How the devil am I to pipe to dinner when I'm ordered, all my wind 'scaping through the cheeks?"

In the meantime, the others had gone to the assistance of the purser's steward, who continued his vociferations. They examined him, and considered a wound in that part not to be dangerous.

"Hold your confounded bawling," cried the gunner, "or you'll have the guard down here! you're not hurt."

"Han't hi?" roared the steward; "oh, let me die, let me die; don't move me!"

"Nonsense," cried the gunner, "you must get up and walk down to the boat; if you don't we'll leave you—hold your tongue, confound you. You won't? then I'll give you something to halloo for."

Whereupon Mr Tallboys commenced cuffing the poor wretch right and left, who received so many swinging boxes of the ear, that he was soon reduced to merely pitiful plaints of "Oh, dear!—such inhumanity—I purtest—oh dear! must I get up? I can't indeed."

"I do not think he can move, Mr. Tallboys," said Gascoigne, "I should think the best plan would be to call up two of the men from the cooperage, and let them take him at once to the hospital."

The gunner went down to the cooperage to call the men. Mr. Biggs, who had bound up his face as if he had the toothache, for the bleeding had been very slight, came up with the purser's steward.

"What the devil are you making such a howling about? Look at me, with two shot holes through my figure-head, while you have only got one in your stern: I wish I could change with you, by heavens, for I could use my whistle then—now, if I attempt to pipe, there will be such a wasteful expenditure of his majesties stores of wind, that I shall never get out a note. A wicked shot of yours, Mr. Easy."

"I really am very sorry," replied Jack, with a polite bow, and I beg to offer my best apology."

Wife Lost.—[*A scene in a Steamboat—an actual occurrence*].—"Which is the Captain of this boat?" inquired a tall, athletic man, as he came up from the gentleman's cabin with great precipitation. "That gentleman yonder," said a bystander. "Are you the Captain, sir?" "Yes, sir." "Where is my wife?" "Indeed I don't know, sir—I've not seen her, that I know." "Now, Captain, this is too bad. I came on board this boat last night, and paid you six dollars passage for myself and wife—and I should like to know where my wife has been put?" "Have you been in the ladies' cabin?" "Yes, but she's not there."—"Shall I have the pleasure of the lady's name, sir?" "Mrs. Mirah Smith, the wife of your humble servant." "Mary, (to the chambermaid) is Mrs. Mirah Smith in the ladies' cabin?" "No, sir—I've inquired, and she's not there.—"There—I told you so," said Mr. Smith in much uneasiness. "Captain," said a wag standing by, "suppose John should ring the bell all through the boat, and say—Mrs. Mirah Smith, who came on board last night, cannot be found."—"That's a good idea," cried a hundred voices at once.

So John—a cream colored Leon, with an eye like Iago's, set his bell agoing, crying aloud at every interim—"Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith. Any person who knows where she is, will please hand her up to the Captain's office, for the benefit of her disconsolate husband." John bawled through the boat, somewhat to the amusement of the passengers, and finally reached the upper deck, when in passing the state rooms, in a sort of desperation for want of success, he raised his voice to the stentorian pitch of a Knox—"Lost, Mrs. Mirah Smith"—when the fair lady rushed out, evidently disturbed in her slumbers, with—"Who says I'm lost? Here I am—where's Jerome? It is needless to say that this gave a very pleasant turn to the whole affair—and the Captain (good soul) escaped the charge of stealing a man's wife.

Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

A Fuddle among the Swine.—A keeper of one of our village recesses had occasion last week to put a quantity of cherries in his yard, which were saturated with spirituous liquor. The discovery was made by an old sow, in her mischievous perambulations, and she invited a small party to join her in the "spree," if we may be allowed on such an occasion to use so fashionable a term. The whole party partook of the intoxicating food until they were pretty well over drunk, as the high grade of general creation should be—a little too drunk for reputable swine, who were treading upon the peculiar province of others, in this their amateur Bacchanalian revel. We looked in upon the scene in the height of its paroxysms. There is such a thing in medical ethics as comparative anatomy; here was comparative drunkenness. It was a pretty close imitation, as near the thing as a first attempt could well be. They were reeling, reclining and putting themselves in all manner of grotesque shapes—with an occasional "ugh," that only wanted the additional "hic," to make the resemblance complete. Some were prostrate, gloriously and inanimately drunk. One well-fed, sleek-haired porker reeling upon his haunches, and bracing himself up on his fore legs, his head cocked rakishly upon one side, one eye closed, and the lustre of the other dimmed by deep potations, seemed apologizing in the language of the ballad,

> "We are na drunk, we are na fou," &c.

The old sow, she that pioneered to the frolic, stood, or rather walked about, the representative of some veteran toper, who recovers from the first attack, elastic and absorbent as a sponge—and taunts her less fortunate companions with the mischief she had created. The effect of the cherries passes off. There are those who could tell how deeply penitent was this group of swinish revellers when *reason* resumed her empire; how they promised to return to the strict rules of te-totalism, from which swine, to their credit be it spoken, have seldom been known to swerve.

Niagara Dem.

A Yankee at Fault.—The great machine and saw factory of Messrs. Hoe & Co., of Gold-street, in this city, is highly and deservedly celebrated throughout the United States, and is admitted even in England to be the most formidable rival of its most eminent Sheffield establishments. A sharp witted, and pretty particularly cute Yankee who had heard of this, determined to make it the foundation of his own fortune. Accordingly, one day a tall bronzed face Duke of Limbs, who looked as keen as an axe, and could have dodged a rifle shot behind its handle, sought out Gold-street, and seeing "Hoe's Factory" upon a sign, entered the counting room of the establishment, and said "this is the factory, I guess?" "Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "well, now" continued the Yankee, "I guess we can trade then; I've got a cargo of first rate hoe handles here at the wharf, and if you fancy 'em I'll take off the hoes in trade." The clerk had some difficulty in convincing the enterprising down-easter that the gentlemen of that firm were not to be thus handled.

New Era.

Marshall.—In Judge Marshall's yearly visits to Fauquier, where the proper implements for his favorite sport were to be had, he still practised it among his rustic friends, with *flat stones* for quoits. A casual guest at a *barbecue* in that county—one of those rural entertainments so frequent among the country people of Virginia—soon after his arrival on the spot, saw an old man emerge from a thicket which bordered the neighboring brook, carrying as large a pile of these stones as he could hold between his right arm and his chin; he stepped briskly up to the company, and threw down his load among them, exclaiming—"There! here are quoits enough for all." The stranger's surprise may be imagined, when he found that this plain and cheerful old man was the Chief Justice of the United States.

Southern Lit. Mes.

English Influence at Smyrna.—The Frank quarter of the town perfectly resembles Portsmouth or Marseilles. Hats are universal. English, French, Italian, and Spanish, are almost the only languages heard in the streets; and the first object that strikes the eye on landing, is a house with a large sign board, informing you that it is the "Royal Naval Hotel," and that "neat wines, spirituous liquors, and London porter," can there be obtained. Even the Turkish shop-keepers in the bazaars address you in English, especially the pipe-sellers—"Jack! you want hubble bubble!" "Very fine hubble bubble, Jack!" "Much cheap, Jack!"

Temple's Travels in Greece.

The Londoners have carried the India Rubber business a little beyond the Yankees; for they have found out that it makes first rate candles. A Dr. Birbeck has manufactured a quantity, which are said to burn admirably. After this discovery it must be confessed that there is no limit to the uses to which that material may be applied. Coutchouc pills will probably be found sovereign in cases of the cholera.

N. Y. Courier.

Speculation in Chicago.—"I say," said one Chicago man to another, "what did you give for your portrait?"—"Twenty-five dollars, and have been offered fifty."

"A CHARACTER," BY MR. PETER CHISEL;

Being "Scraps from the writing-desk of the late Mr. Peter Chisel, by an Executor," in which it appears that Mr. Chisel was at one time so overwhelmed by the result of an unfortunate attachment, that he had recourse to a long voyage from London to Rio Janeiro: during his voyage he meets with strange characters. Plunging at once into *medias res*, the editor of that veracious metropolitan gazette, the "Spirit of the Times," thus gets at the *gist* of the story—by which the reader is spared several mortal pages of the reflections and suggestions, of the immortal Peter Chisel aforesaid.

Amongst the steerage passengers (but few in number) was "A CHARACTER," and he soon became a privileged one, and found ready admission to every part of the ship. As a jack-of-all-trades he had no superior; he was decidedly the most useful biped that ever shook off, or rather evaded, the troubles of this trying world. His name, he said, was Billy Collins: but the sailors had christened him *Boots*, (being at everybody's call), a thorough-bred cockney, of a spare form, or, as the sailors again termed him, clinker-built, and about nineteen years of age. Never was he unemployed for a minute at a time, unless he was asleep. He volunteered to be my valet for the voyage, and I was soon in possession of a great part of the course of studies pursued by him during his minority. His father, or as Billy always termed him, "my old man," was, he said, a very "rum-un," and soon taught him to pick alone. His very first attempt to earn an honest penny, was in accompanying his mother through the streets of London almost as soon as he could walk, and, taking parts in ballads with her, he soon obtained that necessary qualification for all public performers, commonly called nerve; and by the time he had completed his seventh year 'twas his custom to attend Smithfield on the market days, and get into the public-houses most frequented by the drovers, and amuse them with his singing. He was at this time so small in stature, but such a great favorite amongst them, that, to prevent his being eaten by their dogs, or trampled to death by the crowd, they always made the mantel-piece his orchestra, and placed him upon it. This Billy considered the most prosperous part of his life; for, as he said, be was sure of a rare blow-out, besides lots of browns—but, he added, "Father always took them as soon as I got home." His parents, however, now agreed it was necessary for him to learn some business; and an old cobler took him to run of errands, and help him to mend old shoes. Here Billy stayed just long enough to learn to make as well as mend; and then, said Billy, I bolted, and let myself as light porter to a tailor, and was in a little while promoted to the board. Bless you, sir, it does not take seven years' apprenticeship to be down to the games of these chaps; in a few months I could make a jacket, and as my health couldn't stand the hot cockloft any longer, why I morris'd again, and went once more into public life. At last I got an engagement at the Theatre in Wellclose-square, and used to help the carpenter, and the painter, and the lamplighter, and sometimes performed a dog, or a devil, or anything as might be wanted; and there I improved my singing, and learned to play upon the fiddle. "Here," added Billy, "I saved a little money (by what particular method I did not venture to inquire); and I am now going to look up an uncle of mine, who is very rich, and lives at Buenos Ayres; and mother had a letter from him to say that if she had a son alive, and would send him out, he would make a man of him. So you see, Sir, there's no telling after all what may happen to me."

My thoughts were perfectly in unison with Billy's, but comments I made none. Having proceeded thus far in his narrative, a thought struck him that 'twould be as well for him to run forward, and see that the boys did not grab the plums which had been served out to him; but, added he, "I have a tale to tell you that happened to me when I was a kid; and as you generally keep the first watch, if the weather is fine I'll find you up, and you shall hear it. "Do so, Billy," said I, "and upon the deck betwixt eleven and twelve I'll meet you."

At the appointed time we were seated just abaft of the mainmast; the steward brought us some grog: it was a calm moonlight night, and I was quite in a listening mood. The tale about to be related was the first which made a strong impression upon Billy's juvenile mind, and clearly proved to me that the organs of self-esteem and secretiveness must at that early period have been strongly developed on his cranium. He prefaced it by assuring me it was true upon his honor, and thus began:—

My father, as I have before told you, Sir, was a "rum-un:" at the time the occurrence took place which I am about to relate to you, he lived in Pye-street, Westminster, and dealt in pigeons, dogs, and wild beasts. I was just five years old; 'twas Greenwich fair time, and mam and dad went out in the afternoon for a spree. They fastened the shutters, locked the doors, gave me a penny loaf, and left me in charge of the house, and a sister (a very little 'un) not more than four or five months old. Nothing particular occurred for about two hours, and I began to look about for amusement; and so, in imitation of mother, I stripped the infant previous to depositing her in the cradle. I did not handle it quite so gingerly as she did, and the young cretur squeaked a good deal, and just as I had poked a bit of bread into the mouth to stop the music, a great brown bear, which father kept in a sort of corner cupboard, broke from his moorings, slipt his muzzle, and walked into the room, and coming close up to me and sister, grabs the rest of my bread, and looked very savage. I should have been very much frightened; but mother had often told me that wild beasts would never hurt little children that were good; so I lays sister down on the floor right afore him, and got a little further off, just to see how he'd behave. Well, I'm blest if he didn't soon get her head into his mouth, and I durst not look any longer; but I heard the brute crunching and growling, and thinks I, "*O! crickey!*" there arn't half enough for him, and then I shall have to go for it! and I began to look for a hiding place. whilst he was busy. I wished I could get into the next room, because there was a *chimley*, and it was not till the bear had finished sister, and was licking himself, that a lucky thought struck me. In a moment my jacket was off, and being a very slim kid, I crept into one of the trunks *what* father used to put the badgers in when the young swells from the College came to try their terriers. Just as I expected, in a very little time the varmint came after me; he turned the trunk over several times, poked his snout up as far as he could, and then one of his paws, and tried to draw me, but I was too far up the spout for him, and there I lay till father and mother came home. I soon let them know where I was, and they had much difficulty in releasing me, I was squeezed in so tight. Then I told them all that had happened, but it was a long time before they would believe me, for the cunning bear had returned to his hole, and gammoned to be asleep; and just as mother was going to hide me for not telling where sister was, they found one of her shoes, with part of a foot in it, and other signs that convinced them of what had happened. Well, mother went into fits, and pulled her hair off by handfulls, threw herself upon the bricks, and shrieked "murder;" and when she came a bit to herself, she insisted that my father should go for the *Crowner*, and she'd fetch the Doctor; but father held her into her chair, and put his hand on her mouth, and swore nothing should be done till she would hear *rason;* and then in an under tone he said, "What's the use, Sal, of kicking up all this ere rumpus? if the Beaks come to hear on't, we shall only get into trouble, and have to kill the bear as is worth twenty quid.... Besides the Doctor can't bring it back again, and if the Crowner and twelve Jurymen come, we shall have to stand summat to drink, and there arn't anything for 'em to *set* upon but two of the toes. Now do hear rason." But mother kept see-sawing backwards and forwards in her chair, and sobbing and taking on dreadfully; at last father whispered something to her, and jumped up and ran out of the house, taking care to lock the door after him, and presently returned with a pitcher of gin and cloves hot, and put it upon the table: he then got a tea-cup, and filled it, and mother and he both drank out of it, and I had one or two "*go-downs*," and after they had emptied one or two cups mother did not cry quite so bad, and listened to my father, who kept talking rason till the poor soul became *pacificated*, and they both fell asleep, father having first, by mother's orders, well wopped the bear, and chained him up, with a promise that he should have no more wittals for a week. Next morning they both told me that if ever I said a word about what happened I should follow sister; and to make me less liable to forget their injunctions, I was not allowed to step over the threshold for more than six months. By that time it was all forgotten, nor did I ever mention it till about two years afterwards, when I was playing in Tothill-fields with some Charity-school boys, and it came on to rain very fast, and we ran for shelter under an old gate-way, and there we were detained more than an hour. One of the boys told a story of an uncle of his (who was on board a man-of-war) having his leg bitten clean off by a shark; and then I could not resist the temptation of out-doing him; so I told my story, to which they listened attentively till I said I was in earnest, and that it was every word true. Then they all burst into a laugh, and one of them said I was a wicked young liar; and another said I was a thief into the bargain, for that I had stolen the tale out o the Bible; and afterwards, when they met me they called me *Bruin*,—and, being afraid father should hear them, I took care to keep out of their way, and never mentioned it again from that hour to this.

The middle watch was now called, and we turned in. In justice to Billy's aptitude for learning anything he turned his mind or his hand to, I must state, that, before he had been at sea two months, there was not a man in the ship who could go aloft with him, and when it blew hard he was the boy to look to in reefing topsails; he had also the most extraordinary powers of vision that ever mortal was blessed with, and could see farther and clearer with his little sparkling brown eyes than many could with the aid of a telescope; a striking proof of which he gave us towards the close of the voyage, and by which a human being was rescued from the jaws of Death, although, perhaps, to have escaped Billy's penetrating sight, considering the state of the unhappy man, would have been the greater mercy. Cape St. Roque bore to about thirty leagues, and Billy was on the look-out in the fore-top. On a sudden he made a point, and called to the Captain upon deck to get up his glass and look into the N.E. "What now?" cries the Captain, "is it St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey you have made out?"—"Neither," replied Billy; "but I'm bless'd if it is not a watch-box, aye and a watchman in it too."—Many of us took a spell at the glass, but could only distinguish a dim object, which we concluded was a bundle of sea-weed. The wind now died away, and a thick haze came on, which lasted about four hours, and when it cleared away, the object which had been the subject of our speculation was drifting about a quarter of a mile astern of us. The jolly-boat was got out, and four men put into her, and I volunteered to be steersman. Soon were we alongside the floating wreck, and such a sight was presented as can never be described. It proved to be a long flush-decked vessel completely water-logged: the gunwale occasionally rose a few inches above the surface of the sea, and then again the rippling waves hid them from the view. That which Billy decribed, as a watch-box was an old painted arm-chest up-ended and fixed to the stump of what was once a mast, and inside was the attenuated form of a human being still alive. He was naked from the waist upwards: his black hair, whiskers, and beard, his sunken yet fiery eye, and large white teeth, formed the most striking and awful sight I ever gazed upon. This was not all: he had a large chain round him, made fast into his den, some yards in length, and on his lap he held the lifeless body of a young female far gone in decomposition; he was amusing himself with smoothing her hair with a splendid comb studded with pearls, once the ornament of her long tresses. He took no notice of us till the men attempted to release him, when a wild loud laugh escaped him, that will ring in my ears till my latest hour, and the poor maniac fell helpless as an infant. We lost no time in getting him on board, and everything that humanity could suggest was exercised in his behalf, and as far as his life was concerned, not in vain. From him we could learn nothing; he spoke in unknown accents, and on our arrival at Rio was given up to the proper authorities. His fate or fortune are alike unknown. His figure and voice still haunt me. Had his sorrows and sufferings been the result of an unfortunate attachment, or the treachery of false friends, or thwarted ambition? These and other conjectures amused, but cheated me of rest. I never could know anything for certain.

London Old Sporting Magazine for July, 1836.

FAREWELL TO MISS CLIFTON.

BY PARK BENJAMIN, ESQ.

Adieu, fair creature! since you needs must go
  And leave a hundred broken hearts behind you;
Adieu! but don't forget to let us know
  Where, some weeks hence, old bachelors may find you;
For we cannot survive the separation,
Unless we know your future situation:

So that, on wings of love or railroad car,
  We all may fly and see you once again
In your dramatic sphere, the brightest star,
  That ever dazed the eyes of mortal man:
For, have we not, for these eleven nights,
Moved round your orb, like faithful satellites;

Have not the "Atlas," "Evening Transcript," "Post,"
  Proclaimed your beauty and your praises told?
Have not the penny papers done their most
  "To paint a lilly, gild refined gold,
And add a perfume to the violet?"
Have they not lauded you in the "Gazette?"

What though "The Advocate," with baneful hand,
  Threw up a cloud before your steadfast ray,—
Fresh gales of praise sprang up o'er all the land,
  And dashed the dull and noxious mist away:
And better *advocates* assumed your cause,
And louder pealed the general applause!

In half a dozen characters we've seen
  Your matchless charms, but chiefly have admired
Your graceful gestures and impassioned mien
  As Marianne—when, by love inspired,
You played the fond, the true, the constant "Wife;"
"Ah!" sighed a swain, "she does it to the life!"

Heigho! sweet Clifton—we must say "farewell!"
  Would that the word would make *you* longer still
Another week—but 'tis in vain to tell
  How deep our grief! your memory shall fill
Our Boston hearts, until some newer "notion"
Shall win from you our unimpaired devotion.

Boston Morning Post, Oct 18, 1836.

OUR ACTORS!

AND THEIR ORIGINALLY INTENDED TRADES, CRAFTS, AND CALLINGS.

Shakspeare, speaking of the actors, says,

"After your death, you were better to have
A bad epitaph, than their ill report
While you live."

If this be true of the actors, they must have degenerated sadly in spirit since the days in which the great actor-bard wrote; for look at them now—what are they as "a body?" Why the weakest, the most timid and pusillanimous, perhaps, of any in our metropolis. Any creature, however base himself, may bespatter them with abuse, and they tamely shrug their shoulders, and in a piteous tone cry—"What a shame it is!"—or "What can we do to soften our abuser?" Yes, they would deprecate when they should boldly attack their defamers; and that they possess the means no one can doubt; for it is well known that the stage can boast of many with fluent tongues, and some with able pens; and the public ear, as well as the public press (that mighty instrument of good or ill) are as open to the actor as to his defamer; then whence arises this pusillanimity of spirit, that will rather meekly crouch than boldly stand forward and repel? It cannot arise from modesty! No, no; their greatest enemies will acquit them of that. We are afraid it is to be traced to individual envy—a personal and professional jealousy of each other—which prevents their combination for general defence against unprincipled speculators in theatres, (whose barefaced acts have lately called forth severe censure from the judgment-seat,) and these money-sucking leeches, who, dipping their pens in gall, will abuse Mr. Jenkins, and praise Mr. Wilkins, if the said Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Jenkins's professional rival, will pay handsomely for the said abuse, or *vice versâ*.

Take the actors individually, in society they are usually spirited and witty—ever prone to resent the slightest attempt at personal offence. Yet, *en masse*, they are the most pusillanimous body under the sun, not even excepting the too-often quizzed tailors, who, though not supposed to be very valiant as "items," yet, in a "sum total," are most heroic, as the public's old deserving favourite, the now expatriated Dowton, can verify; who, some years since, offended their dignity as a body, by playing, on his benefit night, Foote's burlesque of "The Tailors, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather;" when the knights of the thimble would have salved their wounded honour by pulling down the Haymarket theatre, had not a strong civil force, with the military in perspective, prevented it. Now, we would not be understood to express a wish that the spiritless actors should follow the example of the pugnacious tailors, and attempt to pull down the House of Commons, because, in 1833, a very gentlemanly M.P. (a Bobadil, and turned-out Quarter Sessions' Chairman,) used his "privilege of safety," and in the open British Senate stigmatised the actors as "out-casts of society!" The Actors! a body of men patronised by our gracious monarch, protected by the Parliament, and applauded and supported by the people! By-the-bye, it is but charitable to suppose that the Bobadil M.P. had on that unfortunate evening taken more than *quantum suff.* of Bellamy's particular Madeira: but whether mad or drunk, Bobadil undoubtedly injured himself much more than those he stigmatised. But while labouring under such gratuitous abuse, where were the "heroes of the buskin?"—the Kembles—the Macreadys—the Wallacks—the Wards—*cum multis aliis?*—gentlemen, who, to the very life, express the feelings of "wounded honour" on the stage. Do they sit down quietly and think themselves complimented on being noticed in the open senate of their country as out-casts of society? Query—had such unmerited and gross abuse been vented at any other "body of professionals," would they have tamely submitted to it?—we may venture to answer "No." The reason for the want of *esprit du corps* which distinguishes the actors from all other professional bodies may perhaps be traced to the circumstance of their not having been originally intended and trained to the pursuit; which some after-whim, stern necessity, or an inordinate longing after fancied fame, induced them to adopt. It is curious to trace (and which we have an opportunity of doing correctly) the originally-intended craft, trade, or calling, of most of our popular histriones, as well as that of many of their less fortunate brethren.

We will commence with

Garrick.—"Little Davy" (as Dr. Johnson familiarly designated him) was a wine-merchant in the city; but he saw nothing in

"The wine and lees to brag of;"

therefore he selected the theatre as the *port*, in which he wisely anchored for life; preferring

Shakspeare to Sherry,
Macbeth to Madeira,
and
Hamlet to Hock.

Siddons.—The great Mrs. Siddons (so states her biographer) in early life was to have been—nay, actually for a short time operated, *con amore*, as body-fitting abigail to a lady of fortune, who patronised her talented but then (to the world) unknown family. That eye which, in after years, electrified the multitude as Lady Macbeth, then calmly followed the useful needle; and the arm, the mere waving of which, as Queen Katherine, has since so often commanded silence, then moved busily in adjusting the flounces and furbelows of her honoured patroness. What can control the force of genius and prudence combined?

John Kemble.—

"His was the spell o'er hearts,
  Which only acting lends;
The youngest of the sister arts,
  Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can poetry express,
  Full many a tone of thought sublime;
And sculpture, mute and motionless,
  Steals but one glance from time.

But by this mighty actor's art,
  Their wedded triumphs come;
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
  And sculpture to be dumb."

What a loss would it have been to the English drama, if John Kemble had been ordained (as was intended, and for which he had been educated at Douay)—a "Catholic priest."

Spite of his asthma, he "fluttered your Volscians" in a style that has convinced his surviving admirers that his "Alone I did it," was a mere truism. We will not say "we ne'er"—but only—"When shall we look upon his like again?"

Charles Kemble—the last of the fraternal knot! All gone but Charles—yet they had long leases of their frail tenements—first Stephen went—then John—then Sarah Siddons! (*the* Siddons!) she soon was followed by poor Jane Mason—and only some few months since Mrs. Whitelock ended a long and well spent life—Charles is "the last remaining male"—and—

"Though last—not least in our dear love."

How would Thalia have been defrauded if Charles Kemble had continued "a man of letters" in the General Post Office, where the interest of the elder branches of his family (then rising rapidly into public esteem) had placed their boy-brother!

It is somewhat curious to consider thus—had he continued in his monotonous office, "up at six A.M. to break the seals of the incoming bags," and ready at 8 P.M. to seal the outgoing," perchance Miss De Camp might never have induced him to play Benedict off the stage, or we have seen him play Benedict on it. Nor would Fanny Kemble then have delighted the English public with her splendid talent, or have enraged the American public with her ill-advised abuse.

Charles Young—the ever-green Young! we met him the other day, as healthy and as tanned as a French *garde de chasse;* he has evidently been wheedling Dame Nature—caught her in one of her best humours, and obtained a renewal of his lease of life. Young was to have been—and for a short time assisted his honoured father as a cut-and slash surgeon—but the master passion (histrionic) was too strong to be subdued by what "Old Dad" called prudence, and young Charles called prejudice. He became an actor; and as such he has delighted the public, enriched himself, and done honour to his profession. We wish we had more imitators. Young wisely quitted the stage before he became old; he began to find study a serious labour, from the decay of that sort of mechanical memory necessary to catch and retain other people's ideas—the mere professional memory that may forget an author, but not a friend.

He retired, in the full possession of his histrionic fame, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*.

Vivat Charles Young!

Liston, Momus's god-son!—The comic John Liston once held the serious office of schoolmaster (either principal or sub) to the little blue-coated, leather-breeched, muffin-capped urchins of the anti-Malthusian parish of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Let your "mind's eye, Horatio," or rather, gentle reader, whatever your name be, view Liston, *the* Liston in his early manhood—pen in ear, and ruler in his nervous grasp, the presiding deity over one hundred pair of small leather unmentionables, and their pigmy wearers. O for the pencil of a Cruikshank! What was old Jupiter in Olympus, with his thunderbolt in hand, compared with youthful Liston, wielding that dreadful and dreaded ruler?

His look was then sufficient to make each little Geoffry Muffincap tremble in his "two-and-fourpenny shoes." How must that look have changed since then!—it now makes man, woman and child, appear "like laughter, holding both his sides."

Sic transit gloria, Dominie Liston.

N. B. Liston never had but one fear of professional rivalry, and that was when Lord M—— came before the public. The world is divided, and Liston still lives,—*n'importe*.

Kean, Macready, and James Wallack, three histrionic geniuses of the first order, were Melpomene's own chicken's hatched and reared by her from their shells; we wish she would hatch a few more such, to

"Fret and strut their hour upon the stage,
And then be heard—"

next night with pleasure. They took to the stage, for which we are very much obliged to them, simply because they had no other profession than their hereditary one; or perhaps at the time, forced by family necessity; and we wish necessity would force a few more such geniuses before the public, instead of gentlemen amateurs—golden calves, or rather "asses fancying themselves histrionic lions," who pay those arbiters of England's dramatic literature, the griping speculators in patent rights, various sums, from one to three hundred pounds per night, to be allowed the privilege of murdering Shakspeare, and insulting the British public. But of this more particularly anon.

We concluded our last month's "Biographical Sketches" with a just condemnation of the present managerial system of allowing, "for a large ready-money bribe," those golden calves—'yclept "gentlemen amateurs"—by their talentless attempts, to disgrace our stage, murder our bards, and insult our public. Within a brief space, and this is no "fancy sketch,"

"Or ere these shoes were old,
With which we followed poor Kean's body to the grave,"

we have had the misfortune to witness a Haymarket Hamlet fainting at the sight of his father's ghost, and carried, by Horatio and Marcellus into the green-room in strong hysterics; but who soon afterwards brought an action against manager Morris. For what? quoth the astonished reader. Why, for (*credat Judæus!*) his loss of FAME. Ha! ha! ha! ought it not rather to have been for his loss of SENSE? We have since seen a Covent Garden Jaffier, "all legs and wings," convulsing the audience with laughter in a style that threw the notorious Romeo Coates into the shade, and made even Liston himself tremble for his comic pre-eminence. We have since that been horror-stricken at Drury Lane (Garrick's, Kemble's, Siddon's Drury!) at hearing "a robustious, periwig pated," gentleman amateur, bellow Brutus, lacerate Richard, and murder poor Peruvian Rolla, long before his time—for

"Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this—most foul, strange, and unnatural;"

and all this horrible slaughter done by the connivance and consent of "the well-bribed lessees of patent rights."

Is it not a fine imitation of swindling? and obtaining the public's money under false pretences? Is it not the duty of the Lord Chamberlain (we know he has the power) to suspend all patents and licenses that are so grossly abused? We say it is. The law having placed the theatres under his control, he is bound in honor and good taste, as well as duty, to prevent the recurrence of such murderous attempts as those we have recorded.

But now to our promised "Biographical Sketches." We will re-commence with the three highly-gifted gentlemen, to whom, as we observed, the theatrical was an hereditary profession: and we will give precedence to Macready.

William Macready, the now popular actor, was, as it were, born to the buskin; he was the son of a very worthy and respectable actor, a member of old Covent Garden in its palmy days, (O! how are the mighty fallen!) and who was afterwards the manager of a variety of provincial theatres in the north, centre, and west of England—Manchester, Leicester, Bristol, &c. His grandfather was a very eminent cabinet-maker and upholsterer, once well known and respected in the city of Dublin.

Our tragedian received an early classical education, and such was his precocity, that, at the age of ten, it is said, he was sufficiently *Latin-ised*, to undergo some whimsical holiday examinations by his doating father, who had, like Bob Acres, a mode of asseveration peculiar to himself, whether or not caused by reminiscences of his paternal workshop, we cannot say; but the worthy, though irritable old gentleman, generally swore "by this mahogany," &c. as he dashed his knuckles on a well-polished dining table; or if any business was to be finally settled, his phrase was, "I'll have it down on the mahogany." This manager wished to be enlightened by the learning of the embryo tragedian; and, during one of the boy's holiday visits, suddenly commanded him to translate into good Latin "the wood he swore by." This was rather a poser for the young student.

"Come, William, my darling; come now, let me have the Latin for *mahogany* directly."

The cunning urchin thought, for a moment, as he whimsically repeated, in his father's admirable brogue, "*My-hog-and-I*, did you say, sir?" and then suddenly exclaimed, "I have it, sir! I have it! yes, sure this it is—'*Meus porcus et ego!*'"

"Good boy! good boy!" cried the delighted father, as he patted the youthful cheek of the precocious linguist, who blushing, owned that it was, in fact rather a "*free translation*." "Free!" cried the honest old Hibernian, "and why the divvil shouldn't you be free with the Latin tongue? Sure you ought, William, now, for hav'n't you been learning it these four years!"

Young Macready quitted Rugby school, and commenced actor in his father's company of comedians while yet in his teens; and his Romeo caused the Birmingham critics, even at that early period, to prophecy his future elevation to one of the topmost branches of the theatrical tree.

The father, for some years, carefully cultivated the son's talent, (no man was better qualified for theatrical preceptor than the worthy old manager, Macready,) and when he thought it sufficiently developed, he allowed him to quit the practice of his confined circuit, and "gave him to the world!"

On quitting his father's roof he courted and won favour with the Bath audience—then visited Dublin—from thence he was transplanted to Covent Garden—where, though very well received on his appearance, yet the untoward circumstance of most of the great parts being in possession of older favourites, kept his talent which for some years comparatively in the back-ground, merely acting the snarling cut-throats in Mr. Orator Shiel's nondescript pieces. At length, Sheridan Knowles's tragedy of Virginius came out; (it was an era in the drama of England!) Macready's acting, as the Roman father, made an impression on the public mind, that has never been effaced. Fortune has since favoured him, in the death of two great actors, and the early retirement of a third: these events, together with the coming out of pieces in which he had fine original parts, (for the fact is—as verified in this instance—it is the effective parts that make the great actors,) have placed Macready, as "the first tragedian of the presentday!"

He annually scours the provinces "to collect golden opinions," and has once "bagged his dollars" in an American tour; and also, for a brief space, been idolised by the weathercock Parisians, as the greatest *artiste* they had seen since Talma!

Take him out of his profession; Mr. Macready is the pleasant gentleman and accomplished scholar in society, and the affectionate husband and father beside his domestic hearth, in his beautiful and romantic villa at Elstree. The cares of the world, which generally irritate a man's temper, have had the very reverse effect on our tragedian's. Marriage, and its attendant consequences, amended an infirmity; and a friend of his, a very able calculator, stated his improvement of temper, per matrimony, as exactly twenty-five per cent;" and when, in due course, nature gave him a claim to the paternal title, he was blessed with an additional twenty-five per cent. of urbanity; and it is a fact, very generally pleasing to the buskined brotherhood, that Benedict Macready is not half so ill-tempered as was Bachelor Macready.

About two years since Macready was seized with a mania—a mania to be a theatrical manager—an uncontrolled Dionysius: he, therefore, rented the Bath theatre, and appointed a deputy to do the dirty work; but it appears (by the criticisms now before us) that he selected a very unattractive *corps dramatique*, composed of melancholy comedians, goggle-eyed tragedians, gigantic Venuses, and Juliets and Desdemonas who squeaked Shakspeare, as it were, through a penny trumpet; but then think, gentle reader, how brilliant Macready must have himself appeared amongst such foils!

As might be expected, he lost nearly a thousand pounds by the speculation, which loss effectually cured his managerial mania. The deficiency of his corps called forth some witty and whimsically severe criticisms—a poetical one is now on our table, from which we will give an extract.

THE BATH THEATRE.

(*Mem.—It is in the centre of a Square.*)

In Beaufort square there nightly stands confess'd,
An awful nightmare—on Thalia's breast!
Poor hen-peck'd Woulds—(that dull degraded hack,
Who does the in-door work for haughty MAC!)
Why don't the Muses spurn him from their path!
And injured MOMUS kick him out of Bath!

* * * * * *

On boards for female talent once renown'd,
Where fair O'NEIL hath wept—and SIDDONS frown'd;
Where glanc'd the dove-ey'd TREE—that lovely railer!
Sprightly CRISP—and little merry TAYLOR!
What have ye now, O Bath?—untaught wenches,
Who nightly "PARROT-SPOUT" to empty benches!
Cordelia fair—or Desdemona SQUEAK—
For prompt-paid shillings—twenty-five per week!
(*Moral—on cheap penny-trumpet voiced actresses.*)
That which can be—*for almost nothing*—had,
Is wondrous dear—*when us'd*—if wondrous bad!

"The awful nightmare on Thalia's breast," so poetically alluded to above, was Macready's deputy; a very melancholy person who has been suffered to "do Momus" for the Bath people for more than twenty years. The best criticism we ever heard was addressed from the gallery to this "Thalia's nightmare:" he was "on for Bob Acres," and we suppose the *god* had been in the habit of seeing a real comedian play the part, and not willing to lose his shilling's worth of hilarity, called out in the hurt spirit of disappointment, "Come, I say, why don't you be funny? Come now, make us laugh, can't you?" But, alas! the laugh was "*non est inventus*," a sentence which that celebrated character, Selby, the bailiff, often writes on villanous bits of parchment in his hospitable mansion in Chancery Lane.

In speaking of the personal bearing of leading actors towards their humbler brethren, we have to observe that the manner of John Kemble was the most *Roman*, and, at the same time, the most pleasing: he never forgot respect for himself, or the feeling of those he came in contact with.

Kean was the mildest, most careless, the kindest, and the easiest to please. Young the most gentlemanly and urbane. But the subject of our memoir, "though last not least in our dear love," has an infirmity—an indescribable irritability in professional business on points which his predecessors thought mere trifles. In fact, he seems to have 'a continual pain in his temper.' If we are to believe that our reason is given us to control our passions, what can we say of the man who boasts of the mind, yet suffers passion to master reason? (*Vide* Bunn *v.* Macready, *Sheriff's Court.*) In which case it appears that the lion so far forgot his grade, as to turn upon and lacerate——(we leave the reader the privilege of filling up this hiatus.)

We suppose Mr. M. thought it a luxury to beat Mr. B., and luxuries are generally expensive; but in England any luxury, from the most refined to the most degraded, is to be had for money. O almighty Mammon! A man may here break the bones and lacerate the flesh (as in this case) "of the thing he justly loves not," if he can but "pay the bill!"

We cannot conclude this pugnacious part of our tragedian's biography, without stating that, in our opinion, Mr Bunn was not the sort of person against whom Mr. Macready's muscular arm should have been raised. In the first place, he must have known that his oily victim, from his very corpulency, could not have had any chance, in a personal contest, with the bone and sinew of "yon spare Cassius." It was like Hotspur belabouring the fat knight. And, in the second place, he must have known that any ulterior chivalrous satisfaction would not be demanded (as since proven) by a person who had let on lease——*

JAMES WALLACK.—One of the most accomplished and versatile actors at present on our stage; he has personated every grade of character. ("At all! from a needle to an anchor!" was his early motto.) This has been detrimental to him; but it was necessity that caused it. He was, as it were, hatched behind the scenes: his father was a very popular comic singer at the minor theatres, and his mother attached to the Drury Lane *corps dramatique*; and the subject of our biographichal sketch has progressed from the babe in "The Children in the Wood," till he arrived at the manly dignity of Walter, the valiant and kind-hearted carpenter. As a boy, he picked up theatrical ideas at Drury Lane—as a hobble-de-hoy, he improved those ideas in a sojourn in Dublin with the once popular Harry Johnstone, as a sort of pupil and theatrical "lad of all work." Arriving at the dignity of a man, he returned to Drury Lane, and found favour in the eyes of Byron and Whitbread, who (on the occasion of Elliston's refusing to second Kean in tragedy, and young James Wallack walking out of humble Malcolm into the imposing part of the Thane of Fife,) doubled his then salary. Since that period his genius has been struggling against "the critic's prejudices." Because he has been before them from his boyhood, and yearly improving himself in the best school, (the national theatre,) and, like other *artistes*, forming himself on the best points in the best models, (the Kemble—the Kean—the Young—the Macready,) they will not allow that he, who at twenty years of age acted Malcolm with taste and judgment, can possibly be equal to the personation of Macbeth at forty! Or else they damn him with faint praise. For we boldly assert that, to the unprejudiced in opinion, he is the best actor, at present, on our stage, (with the exception of Macready in some eight or ten parts, which his immense force and strong peculiarities have made his own.)

Such is the strange and perverse prejudice of a London audience, that they will allow years to improve a man in every art—except "the art of acting!" An actor is never supposed, or acknowledged, to improve before the eyes of a London critic! To exemplify our point, we will take another art—painting for instance—this same public idolize the improvements of the once "stainer of old canvas for the Cobourg theatre"—Stanfield! (the Stanfield!) and justly accept him as one of the first artists of the day—he having won, by his now cultivated genius, the honourable and well-merited distinction of R A., accompanied by his monarch's patronage. Is it not strange that the public, who can show so much taste and good sense to the accomplished talent of the painter, should be so unjust to Wallack's improvement as an actor? James Wallack for many years filled the arduous and unpleasant office of stage manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and had the singular happiness to please everybody—the lessee, by his general professional knowledge and good taste, and his brethren of the sock and buskin, by his undeviating urbanity. Nature has given him a temper (at least, a command over one, and that amounts to the same thing) unprecedented amongst "Messieurs les Directeurs"

About eighteen years ago he ran away with the daughter of the celebrated Irish Johnstone—a rich old gentleman, of rather an unrelenting temper, and who was so many years making up his mind to forgive this love match, that he almost went out of the world without it. Old Johnstone was parsimonious—young Wallack quite the reverse—therefore the prudent father-in-law (having some short time before pardoned his daughter and embraced her son) placed the bulk of his fortune in the hand of trustees, for the benefit of Mrs Wallack and her children, and then departed to

"That bourne from whence no traveller returns."

THE BREAK-DOWN.

A SCENE UNDER MY WINDOWS.

Rain—rain—rain—settled, unceasing rain—varying only from the insinuating drizzle to the soaking shower. In the midst of a most tremendous storm, which for the last half hour has completely cleared the streets, a crowd is gradually congregating under my windows to witness the resurrection of a jaded skeleton of a hackney-coach horse, which, hardly able to stagger along when on its legs, now that it has fallen evinces no intention of rising again. There the miserable brute lies—stretched at length in the mud, with glassy upturned eye and clenched teeth, apparently *in extremis*. A motley and moist assemblage—jarvies, cads, soldiers, pickpockets, and respectables of both sexes, not forgetting a due proportion of women with babies, who, to do them justice, ever foremost in danger, are always to be seen in a London crowd,—press in upon the prostrate animal, disregarding rain, mud, omnibusses, and their own business (if they have any), to gratify themselves with a peep at the poor prostrate devil, who certainly never before, even in his best days, elicited so much attention. The oil skin hats and capes of a leash of policemen bob about in the thickest of the crowd. They are evidently very active officers. By their praiseworthy exertions a ring is formed, the horse is extricated from his harness (a corpulent life guardsman sitting, very unnecessarily, on his head during the operation), and a sturdy cabman, selected from the adjoining stand for the strength of his arm, and the effective state of his pig-whip, having kindly "volunteered his services" (as the play bills have it), steps forward and lashes the fallen horse over the back and haunches, determined, as he says, to "flog him up." The spectators encourage him with cheers and laughter, but perceiving that the poor creature takes no heed of the blows, and apparently does not feel them, they become suddenly touched with pity, cry shame on the operator, and commence a lecture on humanity!

As yet no progress has been made towards setting the languid sufferer on his legs. The pelting shower precludes the possibility of trying an experiment suggested by a benevolent butcher's boy, as very efficacious in such cases—the application of a wisp of ignited straw to some part of the patient's body, unencumbered by hair. Humanity and the rain forbid the trial of such means. All the straw at hand is too wet to burn.

By this time the crowd has increased three-fold,—so has the rain. The neighboring windows are thronged with spectators. The coach has been shoved out of the way close to the curb stone, and the fallen horse's companion in drudgery, cast loose from the pole, is most unfeelingly tugging away at some musty hay tied under the dicky, totally unmoved by his brother's misfortune. Two or three omnibus drivers have pulled up to gratify themselves and their passengers with a sight of what is going on. They are very sarcastic in their remarks on the condition and quality of jarvy's cattle, unaffectedly delighted at seeing that there are a few worse brutes in the world than those which it is their own lot to torment. A good many Members, on their way to the House, have mingled with the throng, and Lord A. F. has alighted from his cab, and is endeavoring to swarm up a lamp post, in order to direct from that elevated situation the exertions of the jarvy and his assistants. There is nothing like having an experienced commander. This benevolent young nobleman, ever alive to the calls of humanity, and properly aware of the value of his services, has already this morning assisted at the extinction of two fires in Pentonville, and was now on his way to preside at the digging out of a Swiss governess and twenty-seven young ladies, who had been buried alive by the fall of a seminary at Balham-hill, when he perceived that his presence might be useful. Prompt as lightning he has seated himself on the lamp-post.

Jarvy, animated by his lordship's patronage, strips off his upper benjamin, determined to do or die. He clearly sees that it will never do to stand inactive under such a shower of rain and jokes as is now pelting him. His manly form, when divested of his cumbrous upper garment, is set off to advantage by a jersey frock and a pair of black kerseymere shorts, his legs and ankles are protected by neatly twisted hay bands, his head by a peculiar coiffure called a "sou' wester,"—singularly becoming to his open Saxon countenance.

He seizes his unconscious horse by what little tail he has, and tugs with desperate vigor. The aged and experienced waterman pertaining to the stand hard by, places the animal's legs in what he considers to be the most advantageous position for active exertion. Policeman letter B, 27, jerks the bridle and raps the unconscious brute over the pate, in a manner which shows that he is evidently more accustomed to deal with refractory Irishmen than half-starved horses. The commiserating bystanders kick him in the ribs and swear at him.

All this produces no effect. He is just for a moment, by main strength, and without any corresponding efforts of his own, half raised, but falls back again heavily on his side, apparently dead. He *must* be dead—he *is* dead.

No. Suddenly he arouses himself—gives a desperate plunge—rises—falls on his knees again—rises once more—staggers forward a few paces, (knocking letter B, 27, head over heels into the mud,) and then, with drooping head and ears, stands stock still as if nothing unusual had befallen him.

The crowd, after a roar of laughter at letter B, 27's mishap, disperses. A humane bystander absconds with the cruel cabman's pig-whip, the cruel cabman revenges himself by casting a handful of mud at Lord A. F., and that benevolent nobleman slipping nimbly from the lamp-post, jumps into his cab, and hurries off to the assistance of the sufferers at Balham hill, carrying with him the approval of his own conscience, and a few hearty damns from the cab-compeller.

The omnibusses, which by way of being social, had drawn up three abreast, so as effectually to impede the progress of any other vehicle—and why should they not, in a land of liberty?—now gallop off best pace, providentially only knocking down one old woman apiece.

In less than a minute the only person to be seen is the jarvy, who having resumed his box-coat, is proceeding to patch up his harness. His *sang froid* is equal to his horse's. He looks as if what I have attempted to describe was an every day occurrence to both of them. Reader, I fear it is! VASLYN.

London New Sporting Magazine for August, 1836.

RARE SPORT.

SOUTH OF SCOTLAND *versus* THE NORTH.—Proprietors in Perthshire, Inverness-shire, &c., have for a long period "got their names up" as regards the 12th of August and subsequent days; and from all we can learn, large sums are paid year after year by the gentry and even the Aristocracy of England for the privilege of testing their manhood by bringing down a blackcock. The late Sir Walter Scott took a most romantic view of such a feat, and there can be no doubt that his power of painting contributed mainly to the tide of fashion which now flows as powerfully in favor of Counties tending towards the far-famed John O'Groat's, as the tide of brine flows in the Pentland Frith. And if it be a fine thing to bring down a blackcock, what must it have been to bring down the true Cock of the North, the huge Capercailzie, which has been fairly banished "furth" our bounds for the quieter habitudes of Central Norway, where it was seen by Derwent Conway, alias our friend Mr. Inglis, within the last eight or ten years. Many of the store-masters of the South of Scotland rent what are called led farms in the Highlands, and as most of them are understood to pay for said grazings in the proportion of half-a-crown per sheep per year, our notion is that the Celtic lairds make as much by the grouse, generally speaking, as they do by the woolly people. One way or another this is a palmy state of things, with which we have no quarrel whatever, and in parading the following array of facts, the reader must excuse us if we modestly hint, that as regards the growth and populousness of game, preservation is everything, and situation, we would almost say, next to nothing. At Leadhills, for example, on the borders of Dumfries-shire, two gentlemen, who went out on the Earl of Hopetoun's lands on the 12th, bagged with ease 22½ brace; on the 13th, 33 ditto; on the 15th, 24 ditto, and so on without assistance, and with lots of time to boot for refreshment and rest. When the weather became unfavorable, the said gents left the Lowthers for some kindlier locality, but they were succeeded by others, and on the 18th a local sportsman shot 16 brace for his own hand. On Saturday week, Lord Hopetoun's gamekeeper took the field for the first time this season, and in half a day bagged with ease 12 brace. On the Tuesday following he was again out—fruits, 26 brace; Wednesday, ditto, and on Thursday, in two and a half hours, 8 brace fell victims to his unerring aim. The weather latterly was very unfavorable; but still our friend remarked notwithstanding, that a farther *weeding* of 200 brace, so far from doing harm, would do a great deal of good. Specimens of the Leadhills game have reached Dumfries, and we have authority to back us out in stating, that, in point of plumpness, they stand at the very antipodes of the half-fledged pouts "bagged by too many Highland sportsmen to compensate in numbers what is wanting in quality." All, we rejoice to add, is again quiet in the birthplace of Allan Ramsay and of Taylor, who died at the ripe age of 136; the Mines, after being fallowed, ploughed, harrowed, and cropped of new, are again so active, that more powder is spent below, and to better purpose, than above ground. This is as it should be, and all we would say on the subject is, *Esto perpetua*.

Dumfries Courier.

A *Rattlesnake race*, or rather chase, "came off" at the American Museum, in Broadway, on Thursday evening last, a report of which is subjoined from the Sun:—

RATTLESNAKE CHASE IN THE MUSEUM.—There was quite a "scene" at the American Museum on Thursday evening last, occasioned by the escape of a huge rattlesnake from his cage, through a pane of glass which had been broken by one of the audience. The room was crowded with visitors, a great proportion of whom were females, and who, of course, were thrown into most terrible consternation and terror by the cry of "Rattlesnake loose!" The animal, however, was stunned by the fall from his cage to the floor; which, together with the efforts of a few present who understood his nature, prevented him from coiling for a spring, till his keeper took him by the tail and secured him in his cage again, without any other injury than the fright and dispersion of the ladies.

The editor of the Portland Advertiser, in an article complimentary to N. P. Willis, informs us that this gentleman has "recently married an English arsenal!" The dickens he has!—what, bombs, breastplates, blunderbusses, fireworks, and all?

Exeter News Letter.

"THE GUAGE OF HONOR."—The Boston Post tells a story about a dinner, following a militia muster "down east," which the General gave to his staff and other principal officers of his command, but to which many of the "rank and file" invited themselves, swelling the number to forty-two. The General, however, felt strongly inclined to do the handsome thing, and foot the bill, if it were not too savage, and accordingly sent Corporal N. to reconnoitre the landlady's calculation. Between the corporal and the hostess, the following dialogue ensued:—Ma'am the General would like to know the damage for his dinner. Landlady.—Why, on sich a day as this, I 'spose we ought to get a little more than common, because you know, of the extra trouble, and sich a confusion; but seeing its the Gin'erl, we'll make it low, and only say *fifteen shillin*. Corporal—What! *fifteen shillings* for a dinner!! Landlady—O, no, dear; not altogether for the dinner, for two-and-three-pence goes for baiting his *hoss;* and prime oats he had, too, I guess. Corporal—Well, what do you calculate to charge me and the rest of us a piece? Landlady—Why, the same, to be sure—fifteen shillin. Corporal—Me fifteen shillings? Why I haven't any horse! Landlady—I know that; but you have had the honor of dining with the Gin'erl and the Field Officers; and I reckon that's about equal to baiting a *hoss*—aint it!

MUSTACHIO'D THIEVES.—Two young swells with mustachios were lately taken up for extensive robberies in the neighborhood of Cavendish-square, London:—

The adventurers are in the habit of calling to look at apartments, and on being introduced to the mistress of the house, one of them feigns sudden illness, and requests to be furnished with a glass of brandy and water, for which a servant is directly sent out. His friend in the meantime has examined the rooms, and on going into the parlor expresses to his sick friend, who has been recovering himself, his approval of the apartments viewed. They then take leave, promising to call on the next day, and soon after their departure, it is discovered that the parlor gentlemen have contrived to rob the mantelpiece, shelves, and cupboards, of various valuable articles. [Standard.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—The Boston Transcript tells us of a gentleman in that city, whose wife one day, wishing to be absent from home, left her servant to get dinner for her husband—the three composing the entire family. At two o'clock the gentleman came to dinner. His night key opened the street door, and he passed into the parlor. The fire had run low, and wife had not returned.

He sat in sad civility. He read
With yearning stomach and perplexed head.

Half past two came—but no wife, and no preparation for dinner—no cloth spread—no mustard—no salt—no nothing. At quarter less than three, he found himself in the store closet, appeasing his appetite with a bite of bread and cheese and a tumbler of porter, when anon the clock struck three, and on the instant the door bell rang. Wiping the porter from his lips, he ran down to admit his wife, when, on opening the door, enter Mademoiselle, the housemaid. "Why, Judy, where have you been at this time o' day, and I waiting for my dinner—and Mrs. B—— gone out?" "Indade, Mr. B——, it was not my fault. The *dancing master* ought to have let us out at one, but he had some new scholars, and kept us later than I expected."

NEWLY INVENTED GUNPOWDER.

ITS PROPERTIES DEFINED BY AN ASS-TONISHING ANTIQUE.

Midway up one of the mountains of A—— stands a snug little inn, where thirteen persons have ensconced themselves. Three of these worthies are from London, who brought with them a goodly cargo of the devil's own. The others are gentlemen from various parts of the country, who fire with antiquities. The cockneys use their powder with great success, often bringing home as much game as all the rest together, and naturally enough praise the devil's own to the skies, and adduce as a proof of its superiority the evidence of sense and dead grouse. But not a single convert have they made, nor is it likely they ever will in that particular latitude; for it seems there is amongst the ancients a most surprising genius, a man superabundantly gifted with the gab and small talk, one of those favored individuals, who, in the logic of the ladies, is placed in the category of divine and heavenly, and whose transcendant eloquence would have made such men as Cicero and Demosthenes sneak away like dogs with kettles tied behind. A logician such as never was, never is, nor never wont to be, though the world should endure fifty millions of years beyond eternity, one who does things *riglar*, and despises the man who does'nt. A few evenings since, whilst the collective poppers were enjoying the social bottle, the Cockneys began as usual, bragging of their deeds and their powder, when the said astonishing antique, unable to restrain his feelings, started upon his feet—Gentlemen, whenever I hear old age insulted, I feel an ineffable alloverishness of indignation; the blood boils in my soul, fills all its veins, seems ready to start in my body, and to emerge from my mouth. Gentlemen, age is entitled to our respect, and to the respect of every man worthy the name of an Englishman and a rational being.—Gentlemen, I will not suffer our powder to be insulted; it is a most ancient and a most respectable powder; it was not only used by our fathers, our grandfathers, and our great grandfathers, but I can clearly trace its universal use up to the time of its illustrious inventor—the famous Roger Bacon!—who died 3000 years before the birth of Adam. Now, as to their boasted arguments, I will demolish them and scatter them as the chaff does wind. First then, I say, that is inconsistent with grammar and reason, to affirm, that a better thing is as good as the best, and therefore that proposition is false—false as is the powder that begat it; secondly, as to their evidence of sense—why every man knows who knows any thing, that the evidence of sense is no evidence at all, and is nothing but the creature of rabid imaginations—so much for that. And besides it is'nt likely that country gentlemen, to whom grouse and the smell of powder is as familiar as cats are with mice—I say it is'nt likely that we will suffer ourselves to be dictated to by a set of Cockneys! Gentlemen, it is merely necessary for me to define ourselves, and a Cockney, in order to demonstrate to you the absurd preposterosity of their presumption. What is the definition of a Cockney? A Cockney is a thing with a pale face, and an ugly mug—a creature cradled, nurtured, and brought up amidst licentiousness, noise and tumult, smoke, fogs, fleas, black beetles, bugs, and things like themselves. What is the definition of a country gentleman? A country gentleman is the rosy cheek'd image of his Creator, pap'd, rocked, and educated in innocence, peace and tranquillity, amidst birds, horses, oxes, asses, and other glorious animals, and therefore a superior being.—And now as to Sir Henry's Bridge's powder—d—n Sir Henry Bridge's—it's all humbug *ab ovo usque ad mala*, and I'll prove it to be humbug by the three following incontrovertible, incorruptible, immaterial, and immoral syllogisms, which would perforate the shell of an oyster, and drive conviction beyond the deepest recesses of its soul 1st syllogism—A man is an animal; an ass is an animal; therefore a man is an ass. 2d syllogism—Fools assert that a country exists which they call China; neither I nor any man in this room ever saw China; therefore China doesn't exist. 3d and last syllogism—The powder which we use is the best powder; but we don't use the devil's own: therefore the devil's own isn't the best powder, and be ——— to it.

This splendid harangue elicited from the ancients the most glorious shouts of admiration and applause, and utterly dumbfoundered the Cockneys.

The finest scene imaginable occurred last evening during the performance of Manfred, on the occasion of Gov. Marcy's visit to the Park theatre. Just at a period when a chorus of spirits were chanting a wild hobgoblin air, and imparting to its general effect all the horrors of grimace and attitude, enter the Governor and suite. "Three cheers!" shouted a man in the pit. "Hurra! hurra! hurra! Encore. Hurra! hurra! hurra!" The house was now in an uproar of applause, while the band had deserted the witches and their hellish chant for patriotic strains. The transition was most ludicrous, and its effect entirely indescribable; the Governor bowed and scraped, and his attendants looked Alexanders, while the poor witches, after wandering here and there about the stage, a lump of confusion, had retired to their native crags and caverns to the tunes of Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle.

Evening Star.

The schooner mentioned in the following paragraph, from the New York Journal of Commerce, to which office she once belonged as a news-boat, was built in Baltimore, and is a genuine "clipper."

SCHOONER EVENING EDITION.—Captain Rees, of the brig Armadilla, from Mogadore, states that the schooner Evening Edition, formerly owned by this establishment, has been presented by the Portuguese government to the Emperor of Morocco. If the history of this craft could all be told, it would be sufficiently adventurous. Although but eighty tons burthen, she has visited South America, Asia, and Africa,—has been engaged in collecting ship news and slave—has been run as an express 4000 miles in a single voyage, and been run away with by insurgents, their hands yet reeking with human blood—has successively borne the flags of three different nations—Protestant, Catholic, and Mahomedan—in three different quarters of the world—has been owned by an Editor, a King, and an Emperor,—and yet is young enough to go through as many more adventures as she hitherto experienced.

A LIGHT RIDER.—"I have a fine mare, said Snip, the other day, "she would out-trot anything else that can be produced, had she a rider light enough." "Why don't you ride her yourself, then?" said a wag. "I ride her?—I am some fifty pounds more weight than *you*—I ride her!" "Certainly," said the wag; "nine tailors make a man—you'll scarcely find one weighing less than *one ninth* of a man."

Baltimore Transcript.

THE SPEED OF THE WIND.—The Boston Atlas says that the locomotive Taunton, on the Taunton branch rail-road, went eleven miles in eleven minutes—just one minute to the mile. The engineer must have had half a dozen boys to hold his hair on for him.

A POLITE WAY OF DISMISSING A PUBLIC OFFICER.—We find the following announcement in one of our foreign journals:—"The Count de Bombelles, Austrian Ambassador in Switzerland, has received leave of absence for an *unlimited* period."

They have several Bedouin Arabs at the Surrey theatre, London, whose performances are spoken of in terms of high commendation!

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* The MS. is here perfectly hieroglyphical.—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1836.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

A correspondent writes us from Baltimore, that at the Jockey Club dinner, on the 4 mile day, the following brilliant matches were concluded:—

1st. Match, Three mile heats, for $3000 a-side, half forfeit, to come off during the 2d Fall meeting, on the Union Course, L. I. (next week) between

Mr. Carey Thompson's b. h *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Eagle, 5 yrs.
Gen. C. Irvine's b. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, dam by Ratler, 5 yrs.

[Mr. Thompson left Baltimore for this city, with Enceiro on Monday last. Gen. I.'s stable, Mr. Laird will have on the course all in good time.]

2d. Match, Two mile heats, $2,000 a-side, half forfeit, to come off on the Tree Hill, Va. Course, on the 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837, between

Mr. Gibson Mallory's *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, out of Merino Ewe, 4 yrs.
Mr. J. P. Corbin's *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Robinson, 4 yrs.

A letter, our correspondent states, was read at the table, from Col. John Crowell, of Fort Mitchell, Ala., in which the gallant old veteran challenged the world to run a match, four mile heats, with *John Bascomb*, over the Augusta (Ga.) Course, for $20,000!

We are further informed that Samuel Gouverneur, Esq., (late P.M. of this city), challenged any horse in the world, to run the same distance, and for $20,000, with *Post Boy*, over any course north of Washington City.

Match for $5000 a side, between Post Boy and Mingo!

A letter to the editor, from O. Bailey, Esq., Secretary of the Eagle Course, Trenton, N.J., postmarked Princeton, the 26th inst., conveys the important intelligence, that a match for $5000, four mile heats, has been concluded between *Mingo* and *Post Boy*, rumors of which had previously reached us in various shapes. Instead of running the match on the Union Course, L. I., it will be seen that it is to come off on the Eagle Course, Trenton. Our correspondent writes to this effect:—

"A match has just been concluded between POST BOY and MINGO, Four mile heats, for $5000 a-side, to come off over the Eagle Course, *on the 10th day of Nov. next*, during the Second Fall meeting. It is *not* an *inside* stake, so that both horses will be excluded by the arrangement from running for the purse of $1000, four mile heats. I am not at liberty to name the parties in the match; [you need not, my dear sir; we are *au fait* to the matter,] they are well known as gentlemen of the highest character in society and on the turf.

"I saw *Mingo* last night at Colt's Neck. He was doing well; he will not run until the match comes off.

"*Post Boy* and his owner left Trenton for Camden on Sunday. It is very doubtful if he runs." [We presume the writer means that it is very doubtful whether he will run *at Camden*.

P.S. Since the above was written, we have heard doubts expressed whether the match between *Post Boy* and *Mingo* would come off on the Eagle Course, and indeed, whether it would come off at all! We are not free to state the circumstances, and have only to say with Richard, "Bring me no more reports." A new version of the terms of the match, etc., has reached us every hour for the last three days, until we begin to imagine the whole affair is yet at sixes and sevens—that somebody may have to pay forfeit, and that like our informants, we know very little about the matter. We *do* know, however, that *Post Boy* was entered for the four mile day at Camden, and before we go to press we shall in all probability learn the result. We have scribbled paragraphs and torn them up, until at length, with the example of Sir Lucius O'Trigger before us, we have come to the conclusion to say nothing further about the matter, deeming it "a mighty pretty quarrel as it stands."

Still Later.—*Friday morning*, 10 *o'clock*.—We have received the report of Thursday's races over the Camden Course. *Post Boy has been beaten*, in two heats, by *Atalanta*, in 8:5—8:14. Very good time, the heavy state of the track considered. *Cippus* was distanced the second heat.

This unaccountable defeat renders it still more uncertain whether *Post Boy* will meet *Mingo* in the match. However, as Col. Johnson, Mr. Garrison and others will be here next week with their stables, he will have an opportunity of retrieving his laurels. We trust that if he *is* entered the Four mile day, (next Friday) Gen. Irvine will enter *Mingo*, even if they afterwards start for the match. The way we shall see a second edition of the *Eclipse* and *Henry* race, one of these days, will be nothing to nobody.

The New York Races commence next Wednesday!

The Second Fall meeting of the New York Jockey Club will commence on the Union Course on Wednesday next. During the meeting, an interesting match comes off, between *Enceiro* and *Azalia*, three mile heats, for $3000 a-side.

Several Southern stables are expected to be in attendance, and the meeting promises to be highly interesting.

On Dit.—Circumstances have transpired relative to a recent race in the Old Dominion, that has thrown the Sporting world into a great ferment. We forbear entering into particulars at this time, as the ends of justice might be thwarted. The whole matter, we learn, will be brought before a judicial tribunal. *Nous verrons.*

"*N. of Arkansas.*"—Right glad are we to hear again from this favorite correspondent. We feel confident our readers will agree with us, that very few writers of the day combine so much of the "*utile et dulce*" in their letters as "N."—Ever gay and facetious, his letters are a sovereign antidote for low spirits, while his knowledge of turf matters is unbounded. His letters are embued with so much sterling good sense, spirit and wit, as to make them one of the most popular features in our paper. "His beard, may it flourish a thousand years, and may his shadow never be less."

Wanted Immediately—A report of the last meeting on the Centreville Trotting Course. If the Proprietor don't shell it out directly, "we don't care who he is!" Not that *we* care a great deal about it, but how, friend Joel, are our "sporting" contemporaries to make up their Trotting Reports without it. For their sakes, "stand up to the rack."

Bascomb and Post Boy.—Several communications are before us, complaining of an article upon these two horses in the last No. of the Baltimore Turf Register. Next week we will try to make room for the discussion.

Spiteful.—The invention of malicious persons seems never to be at an ebb.—A certain John McMahon denies in the penny prints that he ever offered to shoot an apple from his son's head for a bet of $1000, as alleged against him, and further he has no son to shoot at, and the report is inhuman and unjust.
New-York Evening Star.

There is nothing *very* "inhuman" in the report alluded to, even if McMahon had a son. It is only since steamboats were introduced upon the western rivers that the boatmen were accustomed to shoot tin cups from one another's heads for pints of whiskey. An American Indian last season repeatedly split [illegible] apple upon his son's head, at 50 paces, at one of the minor London theatres.

One of the shortest passages on record was that made by the new steamboat *Narraganset*, from this city to Providence on Saturday last. Passengers that left this city at half-past four in the afternoon of Saturday, arrived in Boston at a quarter after seven, on Sunday morning. The Narraganset left Chambers-street dock in company with four other boats, among which were the Lexington, the Bunker Hill and the Cleopatra, the latter bound for Providence, and the others for Hartford; before 10 o'clock at night she had run them all out of sight, and arrived at Providence about two hours before the Cleopatra. Her passengers, 250 in number, were only fourteen hours from New York to Boston.

The Boston Daily Centinel has the annexed paragraph:—

Quickest Passage yet!—The new and elegant steamboat Narraganset, Capt. Colman, left New York on Saturday at 20 minutes past 4, and arrived in Newport at 2 o'clock 40 minutes, A.M., being only 10 hours 19 minutes on the passage, notwithstanding she had a rough and rolling sea. She arrived in Providence at 25 minutes past 4—12 hours and 4 minutes from New York! We believe this is the shortest passage on record, between the two cities.

Called away, as we have been during the week, to attend at the bedside of a sick friend, several matters that claimed our notice have been neglected. Several exhibitions of Paintings, Statuary, etc., not to speak of Concerts, and the hundred and one pleasurable entertainments that daily arrest the attention of the citizen and the stranger, we have passed by unnoticed, to fulfill less pleasurable avocations. The editor of the Commercial speaks to the following effect of his visit on board the *Garrick*, a new Liverpool packet—a visit we had anticipated much enjoyment from:—

The Garrick—Another floating palace—and it is with these, as with the hues of the dying dolphin described by Lord Byron, "the last still loveliest"—was yesterday visited, wondered at, and admired by unknown numbers of ladies and gentlemen, who found, by the way, something for the gratification of another sense than that of vision, provided for them by the lavish hospitality of the owners. For our own part, we confess that we are beginning to dread these invitations to survey the glories of a new packet; they put us quite out of conceit with our own drawing rooms, dining rooms, and parlors. The most splendid upholstery and furnishing got up in the country, are clearly those which float upon the Atlantic in our New York packet ships.

But to the Garrick. She is in truth a marvel for size, beauty of model, splendor of ornament, and comfort as well as luxury of accommodations. Her burthen is *only* 900 tons—almost equal to that of a frigate; deck 160 feet, keel 148, breadth of beam 35½, and depth of hold 21; her state-rooms are upon the deck, instead of below, and remarkably large, light and comfortable. She will carry thirty-four passengers, and sail like a duck for safety and a fish for speed. She was built by Brown & Bell for the new Shakspearean line of packets, established by E. K. Collins & Co., and will sail upon her first trip to Liverpool, on the 30th inst., bearing the broad pennant of Capt. Robinson, late of the New Orleans packet Mississippi.

CITY THEATRICALS, Etc.

Power, Dowton, Hackett, and M'lle Augusta are at the Park, which is doing a very good business, we hear. Several novelties are in active preparation; among them two new operas, two or three dramas, and farces to match. Our citizens are to a proverb "studious of change, and pleased with novelty," and Mr. Simpson seems determined to gratify them to their hearts' content.

It is proposed by some of his friends to give a complimentary benefit to Hamblin, before he sails for England, (by the packet of the 8th Nov.) It is not a little remarkable, that the benefits given at three of our theatres to the sufferers by the burning of the Bowery, should have produced less money than the same attraction would upon any ordinary night, but such are notoriously the facts. Still, "it costs nothing to be civil," and as Hamblin has "gained a loss," we "go the entire animal" for a benefit.

The grand ballet opera of "*Le Tentation*" was produced at the National on Wednesday, and went off cleverly. The piece is not comparable with the Maid of Cashmere. We know Celeste can "call spirits from the vasty deep," and hear she has additional attractions in reserve.

It is rumored that we are soon to see Mdlle. Augusta in Celeste's great part of *La Bayadere*. *There* will be fun for you, my masters—grace and beauty are in her every movement. She may not play like Celeste, but her dancing is to us far more light and beautiful; she comes nearer to the right personation of our beau ideal of the poetry of notion, than any thing upon our stage for years and years. She is at least capable of fitting us for the appreciation of that Goddess in her art, Taglioni, who we hope yet to see ere she becomes entirely *passée* on the European stage. Those who think our praise of *the Augusta* excessive, should prepare themselves for *La Bayadere*, by going to see her in *La Danse des Naiades*.

There is an *on dit* current that Hamblin has leased the site of the extensive establishment known as "*Tattersalls*," (in Broadway, just above Canal-st.), for a new theatre. This is an eligible site, but not so much so as one or two below it; for instance, that on the corner of Broadway and Anthony street, and the three or four lots covered by Concert Hall, in the second block above. However, the lots upon which Tattersalls now stands are very deep, and the front can be extended ad libitum. If Hamblin completes a new amphitheatre on this site, before the Zoological Institute erects one in the Bowery, he will pretty much "fix his flint." We should not be surprised to hear, that both interests are centered in this location. If so, Hamblin will be a co-manager, and a principal proprietor in *four* "rival theatrical establishments."

Miss Nelson, or rather Mrs. Hodges, produced The Mountain Sylph last Monday at the Richmond Hill theatre, with new scenery, etc., by J. F. Schinotti, who sails to-day for Mobile, to join Ludlow and Smith. The lady, they say, looks charmingly, and plays as well; not having been inside the house since Barnes' time, we cannot speak of the performers or the house, but presume the manageress herself is "the star of that goodlie companie."

William Sefton, we hear, is to have the management of the Franklin, Dinneford having his hands full in re-building the Bowery. Jemmy Twitcher Sefton, (John), is at present flaring up before the Albanians.

Dinneford announces that "having taken a lease of the Bowery Theatre for the term of 7 years, with the right of two renewals of 7 years each, proposes to receive subscriptions to the amount of $35,000, towards re-building the same, in 35 shares of $1000 each." We saw Stevenson canvassing for subscribers, the other day, and his list looked "flourishing." Each shareholder is entitled to a free admission, and 7 per cent interest is to be paid half yearly. The carpenters, painters, and masons, are hard at work, and the new house will be thrown open to the public by the 1st of Feb.

Cooke has taken out a license for his amphitheatre, and is fitting up Vauxhall Garden as a temporary place of exhibition. The horses are in training—the clowns hunting up Joe Millers—the "ground and lofty" tumblers taking the kinks out of their joints, and the dancers and riders slinging their legs, preparatory to an early opening.

Mrs. McLean, whose engagement at the Park last season created such a sensation in society, has commenced a starring tour through the Southern States.—She opens at Petersburgh, Va., next Monday, and we commend her to the critics of the sunny South as a *comedienne* second to few upon the stage. She is succeeded by the veteran Cooper and his daughter.

Miss Clifton commences an engagement at the Chesnut-street theatre, Philadelphia, on Monday next. She opens as Marianne, in the Wife; Wallack plays St. Pierre.

We find the following advertisement in the Memphis (Tenn.) Gazette. It beats cock-fighting out and out:—

Chapman's Steamboat Theatre.—(For six nights only.)—The Messrs. Chapmans take this opportunity of returning thanks for the liberal patronage they have heretofore received from the ladies and gentlemen of Memphis, and beg to assure them that neither trouble nor expense has been spared to merit a continuance of their favors.

This evening, Saturday, 1st October, will be performed Kotzebue's play, in five acts, called *The Stranger*, with a variety of singing. To conclude with the farce of *Perfection*. Tickets, 1 dollar. Great care will be taken to render the wharf commodious and safe for ladies. Memphis, Oct. 1.

"Who have you got at the American, now?" asked a former boarder the other day of a friend staying at this hotel. "Why, nobody in particular, except Colonel Blossom, of Schenectady. Mr. Van Buren was here a week or two since with Gov. Marcy and suite, and the Marquis of Sligo and Lord Francis Russell are about the house somewhere, but the Colonel, just now, is the sixpence among six cents."

Another jar of Mrs. Goold's Pickles!—We shall dine off roast beef for a month to come, and carry round Mrs. Goold's little jar of pickles, as our best pocket companion. How tempting and provocative to appetite do they look in their clear glass tenement? Here a stertian (quære?) and a bit of cauliflower, there a slender bean twisted round a glowing pepper; below these, a black, but most delicacious butternut—the very thought of which electrizes the whole system of taste—and over all the straight and tender cucumber and the little onions! Think of all these, fellow mortals, and go directly to Mrs. Goold's and buy your winter's stock.

Maria Monk.—Col. Stone thinks Maria is "*no better than she should be.*"—The Col. seldom errs in *matters feminine*. Boston Morning Post.

Knowing Nothing.—"Jonathan Goss—Jonathan Goss," said old Uncle Josh Pettingill, "You don't know nothin', *and always did.*" Ib.

New-York definition of "*The hospitalities of a city.*"—Voting $500 to be expended for crackers and cheese. Ib.

Grand Concert next Monday at the City Hotel.—We perceive that one of the greatest treats the musical world has been offered for some time past, will be given at the City Hotel on Monday evening next, by that well-known *Pianist*, W. A. King. We do not remember to have heard of his "taking a benefit" or giving a concert in this city for the last two years, although he is so constantly before the public as an established favorite, and ever ready to assist others by his talents on similar occasions. Independent of the *novelties* he is to give us on the piano forte, (and we observe he announces no less than *three Pianos* for the occasion), it would seem he has monopolized all the talent, vocal and instrumental, in this vicinity. Mr. Russell, from Rochester, who made so deep an impression at the late Oratorios, by his astonishing powers of voice, the ever charming Miss Watson, and that unequalled tenor, Plumer, of the National, Mrs. Franklin and Dempster, of Niblo's; and last, though not least, Mrs. Gibbs, late *Miss Graddon*, of whom the public have as yet heard little, but which little is sufficient to convince us that she is indeed a gem of the first water. These are all to appear on this occasion, besides several glee singers, &c. &c. If this does not charm all the "lovers of sweet sounds" to the City Hotel on Monday evening, we shall be surprised. Neither is this all; for in the *Instrumental* department, we are to have Timms and C. M. King on the Piano; a Solo by Downe, the exquisite flute player; *ditto* by Cioffi, on the *trombone; ditto* by Marks, on the violin; *ditto* by Christian, on the clarionet; and *ditto* by W. A. King himself, on the piano. Watson conducts the whole; but here we must stop—we say to all "*who have music in their souls*"—go; such a bright constellation of musical talent is seldom announced, and Mr. K. deserves support and patronage for his judgment and public spirit on this occasion, and to be rewarded moreover for his long tried and well known powers as a musician. The bill of fare may be found in another column. C.

Salmagundi.

A Singular Fact.—An old slave, who had been hard at work, was going to dinner one day, with his hoe thrown across his shoulder, observed his large toe, which stood up before him, from his heel sinking in the sand, mistook it for a toad, and with a "Ah ha!" brought down his hoe, and severed the unlucky digit from its parent trunk. On entering the kitchen, his master observed, "Why, Cudjo, what's the matter with your foot?"—"Nothin' be the matter, massa."—"What's become of your toe?"—"Why!" said Cudjo, counting the remaining four over and over again,—"One, two, tree, four," and then exclaimed, while his countenance betrayed the greatest perplexity, "Kuy! I take 'em bible oaff him wass on dis morning!"

"I say, Cap'n," bawled out a tall, raw boned native of Nantucket, with a *card* of gingerbread under one arm, and a quadrant under the other, addressing the master of a whaling vessel, "don't you want a mate?" "No." "I don't care a d——n, there's a plenty that does."

Vegetables.—"The besth vegthetable," said a lisping old maid to a friend, "that ever I eat, "*wath a clam.*" Boston Post.

The sporting season in England has, as usual, set all the dog stealers in motion, who are advertising pointers and setters by the scores, so that gentlemen sportsmen may now have an opportunity of reclaiming or re-purchasing their canine property.

Punning. In speaking of the balloon ascent of the Duke of Brunswick and Mrs. Graham, during which both parties fell to the ground, from the height of several feet, a wag remarked, that after the very *high words* which had passed between his Grace and Mrs. G., it was not at all surprising they should *fall out*.

An editor wrote that a cotemporary had taken a damsel for "better or worse." The "devils" in the office had it by mistake "for butter or rice."

To Speculators.—Glue has *riz* in Montreal, on account of mustaches having again become fashionable. Crimped hair is also in great demand.

Numerous Family.—An Irish paper mentions a man residing in the Claddah, Galway, who had his thirty-eighth child baptised on the 5th September.

We have Hamlet and Richard enacted in our aquatic or ambulating piscatory theatre on the Mississippi. It would appear by the following, that a species of marine opera has been introduced in the South of France:—

At Grussan, a small sea port near Narbonne, Meyerbeer's Opera of *Robert-le-Diable* was performed in a boat. The Orchestra consisted of a drum and a flageolet. The spectators were on the beach; those in front sat down, others stood behind, which had an exceedingly picturesque effect. This master piece of music was also performed a short time ago at Carcasone by a single violin.

Progress of Intellect.—A fellow who was considered "rather soft," speaking the other day of the many inventions and improvements which have been made by the present generation, exultingly wound up with, "Well, for my part, I believe every generation grows wiser and wiser—for there's my father, he know'd more than my grandfather, and I believe I know a leetle more'n my father did." "My dear sir," remarked a bystander, "what a —— fool your *great-grandfather* must have been!"

"Saw my Leg off!"—Many humorous illustrations of absence of mind have lately been registered in the newspapers; but the latest and best is the one we subjoin from the Eastport (Me.) Sentinel:—

Dr. G——t, of the U. S. A., being called upon to perform an amputation on the thigh of one of the men, he opened his amputation case, sat down, and deliberately sawed his own leg off! The mistake was not observed by him until he attempted to walk!

"You sot of a fellow!" exclaimed a poor woman to her husband, "you are always at the public house, getting drunk on hot purl, while I am home, with nothing to drink but cold water." "Cold, you silly jade," hiccoughed the husband, "why don't you warm it?"

Excellent Good.—We read a paragraph this morning in a country paper, under the head of "Gross Carelessnes," commencing thus—"As two young ladies, one quite elderly, and the other middle aged, were passing," &c.
Boston Transcript.

Counter Accommodations.—The National Eagle tells the following:—"Mr. Yardstick, what do you ax me for that quill?"—"Two cents."—"Whew! can't afford it."—"Well, seeing it's you, I'll let you have it for one."—"*Seeing it's me!* why, did you ever see me afore?"—"No, but I sold a cent's worth of candy to a fellow that looked almighty like you, and he paid the cash down." "Sho! —how you talk! well, 'guess how I'll take this—charge it."

The Portland Times contains the following good 'un:—"Is that clean butter?" said Mike to a countryman, who had a wagon full of butter for sale on Fore-st. last week. "Guess it ought to be," replied the countryman, "it took the old woman and three of the boys all night to *pick the hairs out on't.*"

Negro Wit.—"Jake," said a gentleman to an old negro, who was rather lazily engaged in clearing the snow from his premises, "Jake, my old boy, you don't get along with this job very fast." "Wy, massa," replied Jake, scratching his wool, "pretty considerable for an old man, I guess; and I conceit myself, dat I can clear more snow away in dese 'ere short days, den de spryest nigga in de city could do in de longest summer day dat eber was."

"Do you snore, Abel Adams?" "No, Seth Jefferson, I do never snore." "How do you know, Abel?" "Because the other day I laid awake the whole night on purpose to see."

Why is a love-letter like a *Capias?* D'ye give it up? Because it is a *warrant of attachment*.

The elephant at the Zoological Gardens lately decapitated a dandy, who was gazing at him, of his hat, and swallowed the article to the amusement of the spectators.

Anecdote.—John Kemble would correct anybody, at any time, and in any place. King George said of him, "He was once speaking to me, and found himself out of snuff. He declined putting his fingers into the Royal box, upon which I said take some—I pray you will *obleege* me. Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would better become your royal mouth to say *oblige* me,' and took a pinch." Coleridge.

A Learned Tailor.—Over the door of an unpretending house in the town of Whitchurch, in Hampshire, (Eng.) is the following notice:—"Microcosms habiliments fashionably fabricated, invisibly renovated, metamorphosed and depurated, by Wayte, Cosmopolitan."

An old lady who had ambitious views for her husband—and was much mortified that when he was elected to the House of Representatives, he never made a speech—mixed a gill of yeast with his gin bitters in the morning in order to make him *rise* when he went to the Hall.

Crops.—A traveller observing a woman stepping out of a farm house the other day, thought he would learn the prospect of the harvest, &c. "Well, marm, how are your crops this season?" "Crops, Sir! oh, bountiful goodnesss they are surprising full and large—especially the turkeys." "Ah, glad to hear it—but turkey crops, what are they, marm?"—"Turkey—yes, sir! didn't you never hear of turkies." "You don't understand me, marm,—how are the crops—the corn crops?"—"Why I have just told you sir. Will you believe it that our Joe killed a turkey and an old rooster to-day and took *near a peck of corn from each of their crops?*"—"Good day marm."—"What, sir! Goodness me! how polite—and not know what a turkey crop is, and then to ask me how my crop was!
Claremont Eagle.

Sporting Intelligence.

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

The first meeting of this new Club commenced on the new course at Camden, N. J., opposite Philadelphia, on Tuesday last. We are indebted to the courtesy of a friend, (not W. N. FRIEND, the Proprietors' agent,) for the report subjoined. We understand the Virginia scale of weights have been adopted by the Club, and their rules based upon those of the Central Course. The weights carried upon the Eagle Course, Trenton, correspond with those of the Union Course, L. I., which are the heaviest in the United States.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 25, 1836.—Proprietors' Purse, $200. Two mile heats.

James S. Garrison's s. h. *Bremo*, by Industry, dam by Imp. Magic, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's gr. m. *Moss Rose*, by Lance, dam by Hickory, aged, 124 lbs	dist.	
David Toms's s. h. ——, by Eclipse, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dist.	

Time, 3:57—4:8. Fine race.—Track heavy.

SECOND DAY.—Proprietors' Purse, $500. Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. h. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1
Carey Thompson's b. h. *Sadi*, by Star, d. by Walnut, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	2	4
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. m. *Lady Van Buren*, by Jackson, dam by Expedition, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	2
Wm. Gibbons' b. m. *Merrygold*, by Imp. Barefoot, out of Meg Dodds, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	4	3
Wm. R. Johnson's gr. h. *Daniel*, by Medley, dam by Virginian	dist.	

Time, 6:1—6:11.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietors' Purse, $1000. Four mile heats.

Wm. R. Johnson's b. m. *Atalanta*, by Industry, dam by Ratler, 4 ys. 97 lbs	1	1
Robt. Tillotson's ch. h. *Post Boy*, by Henry, out of Garland, by Duroc, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	2
James S. Garrison's b. c. *Cippus*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 4 ys. 100 lbs	3	dis.

Time, 8:6—8:14.

The course was thronged with strangers and the staid cits of Philadelphia, which latter "put on the pot," as they say in Arkansas, "with a perfect looseness," at 10 to 1, Post Boy against the field! The knowing ones from the Old Dominion took every bet that offered at this price, while the few people in attendance from *John Bascomb's* country "piled it up in heaps." The Philadelphia barbers will *strike* to-day, probably, in consequence of the increased length of the phizogs of their ugly looking customers. Particulars of the race will be given in our next. Post Boy's friends state that he was amiss, but that neverthelen he made a very capital race. The time is considered bang-up for the track, which is new and heavy.

Same Day, and the Last.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Colts, 86 lbs., fillies, 83 lbs. Sub. $300, h. ft. Two mile heats. 4 subs.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. ——, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Hal	1	1
Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Mary Blunt*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred	0	0
Wm. Williamson's b. f. ——, by Gohanna, dam by Alfred	0	0
Joseph H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Mortimer*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Ogle's Oscar	0	0

The time and placing was not received when our paper was sent to press. We hear Mr. Garrison's filly won the race in two heats.

RACES ON THE SOUND.

The Long Island Sound boats are making a race course of that beautiful arm of the sea; not to the danger of passengers or freight as we learn, but in a regular way, harmless to every thing but the beaten boats. The new and splendid boat, *The Narraganset*, immortalized itself last Saturday, and carried off the palm as we supposed from all the steam water craft in our waters. But by the *Commercial* of Wednesday, we perceive that Capt. VANDERBILT is out with two challenges, equal to *John Bascomb's*, that will bring the rival proprietors to their milk. We may expect rare sport during the season. We would hint, however, that the vulgar crowd of steamboat travellers hardly appreciate the true delights of such sport, having an awkward fear of steam and *busters* before their eyes. A proper crew and proper spectators should be picked for the entertainment. We know one that would go, if there promised to be sport.

Central Course.—We give the report of the late meeting in our paper of to-day. Last week we had a paragraph on the *track*, which has recently been covered with *tan bark*. The editor of "The Daily Times," from which we quotrd, expressed an nnfavorable opinion of its utility, in which he is borne out by several of our correspondents, who attended the Baltimore races. One of them, and an old turfman, too, writes to this effect:—

"Such a track was never seen in this or any other country. First, there was three or four inches of tan bark, (some of it exceedingly coarse,) thoroughly saturated, then two or three inches of mud, and next a hard pan, exceedingly wet and slippery. That serious accidents did not occur, is matter of surprise to me," etc.

A correspondent writes that—

"*Azalia* lost the three mile day, I am satisfied, by the entry oi *Sam Patch*, esteemed to be an uncommonly fast horse by his owner for two miles, who ran him only that distance in the first heat, upon which he had made numerous bets, large in the aggregate. Sam Patch went from the score at the top of his speed. Azalia could not be restrained by her rider, but took the lead, and kept it in the tan-bark and mud for two miles, and of course was injured. She was beaten about a length in the first heat, and lost the second to *Enceiro*, a comparatively fresh horse, by about the same distance. She is matched against the winning horse, Enceiro, three mile heats, to come off next week on the Union Course."

LOGAN Co. (Ky.) AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

Our correspondent writes that the Exhibition of *Blooded Stock* and *Horned Cattle*, by the Logan Co., Kentucky Association, came off on Monday, 3d Oct., at Russellville, Ky.

No. 1. To Jas. M. Beall was awarded a cup, for his stallion *Valiant*, by Sir Richard.

2. To D. T. Smith was awarded a certificate, for his stallion, by Lafayette.

3. To Silas Gilbert was awarded a premium, for his 2 yr. old colt, by Robert Lanier.

4. To W. J. Morton was awarded a certificate, for his 2 year old colt, by Crusader.

5. To Jas. Wilson was awarded a cup, for his yearling colt, by Crusader.

6. To W. J. Morton was awarded a certificate, for his yearling c. by Crusader.

7. To Z. M. Beall was awarded a cup, for his ch. mare, by Timoleon.

8. To Warren and Lyle was awarded a premium, for their 3 year old filly, by Sir Archy, jr.

9. To W and H. T. Loving a certificate, for their 3 year old filly, by Corporal Trim.

10. To E. L. McLean a cup, for his 2 year old filly, by Merlin.

11. To J. B. McCuddy a certificate, for his 2 year old filly, by Henry Clay.

12. To Z. M. Beall a cup, for his yearling filly, by Pacific.

13. To D. King a certificate, " " " by Crusader.

14. To W. and H. T. Loving a cup, for his sucking filly, by Mary Camden.

15. To L. Wood a certificate, for his sucking filly, by Waxy.

16. To Jas. M. Beall a cup, for his Bull *Studley*, by Pontiac.

17. To D. T. Smith a certificate, for his Bull.

18. To J. B. McCuddy a cup, for his Cow, by San Martin.

19. To J. M. Beall a certificate, for his Cow, by Santander.

20. To J. M. Beall a premium, for his yearling heifer *Clara*, by Dennis.

21. To J. M. Beall a certificate, for his yearling heifer *Lilac*.

22. To J. M. Beall a premium, for his calf *Truxton*, by Sam Morton, jr.

23. To J. McCuddy a certificate, for his calf *Theodore*, by Col. Benton.

They have lately established a Jockey Club at Russellville, Ky. The first meeting will take place on the 1st of November next. It is to be called the Logan Co. Jockey Club. The subscription is liberal. The course is situated about three miles from the town.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A JACK.—Mr. P. B. HOCKADAY, of Lexington, Ky., has sold his famous Jack, *Mammoth Warrior*, to Mr. GEO ANDERSON, of Winchester, Ky., for $5,000.

"MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN!"

BATESVILLE, (Arkansas,) Sept. 20th, 1836.

DEAR PORTER,—I received your paper of the 3d inst., and regret to learn that the *grist* had not come to hand; but find some consolation in being able to state, that the "15 year old monster" was only a "10 year old," and that unless some of Amos's "hirelings" have come *Mackie* over the letter, there is a hope that the monster will reach you between this and Christmas.

We have had all sorts of rainy weather, in consequence of which our races are postponed until the 12th of Oct. The Little Rock races commence on the 8th of Nov. *Uncas*, *Martha*, *Bill Gordon*, *Metamora*, *Independence*, and *Collingwood* will be there.

Bill Gordon was brought recently from Nashville by Maj. WHARTON RECTOR, of U. S. Army. He is by Pacific, and was raised by L. P. CHEATHAM, of Nashville. He is a blood bay, black legs, mane, and tail, remarkably short back, fine loin, bony head, neck rather short—throttle uncommonly large—hind legs good—fore legs not exactly up to the mark. Upon the whole, he is a fine horse, and I have no doubt is a good racer.

I have not been in the woods since I last wrote, but expect in a few weeks to take a turn among the bears. By the by, I have done some *damage* lately, having used up a couple of big *rattlesnakes*. With a chill coming on, I am

Truly yours, N.

From the Same, dated OCTOBER 2d, 1836.

No chills or fevers for two days. I feel, not fat, but saucy. The weather has at length become seasonable, and a gentle *Northwester* gives assurance that brown October is down upon us.

This is a fine *mast* season, and by the 15th, bears will be good pork. Capt. BEAN and GEO. CALDWELL have fine dogs, and with them I take the woods. I promise to think of you over the *fat ribs* of an old *he*, and if we have nothing *stronger*, to pledge you in a glass of *pure water*. Should an old *panter* be rustled up, I will try to make it a fight worthy of record.

I have just received the September No. of the "Turf Register." The portrait of *Tranby* I do not think does him justice—the "*finish*" is lacking. It is a very able and valuable number, and speaks much for the ability with which its talented editor caters for the lovers and patrons of the turf.

I was pleased to see the compliment you bestowed upon *Busiris*.—Had he never run till a 4 year old, in good hands he would have been the finest horse in America; his speed and endurance were almost incredible. Has *Glencoe* landed?

It is a difficult task to convince a community, who have been in the habit of breeding from $2,50 to $8 horses, that they would consult their interests by giving $20 or $25 for a thorough-bred horse. Indeed, they never would be convinced were it not for the establishment of Jockey Clubs, for then every drop of good blood counts.

During the great revival at Florence, Alabama, caused by the thrilling eloquence of J. N. MAFFIT, (a gentleman to whom thousands deny possession of one spark of religion—to whom none deny the rarest, richest, most cultivated and fascinating talents,) it happened on one occasion, that Captain ——, a very portly and fat gentleman, was present. At the winding up of one of Maffit's greatest efforts, the crowd pressed on him too close for comfort. He burst forth. "Stand back, and give me air!" A good old lady of the church, who was quite deaf, did not hear him distinctly; she at once took up an idea that the physic was working right, and commenced encouraging him. "Shout, brother S., shout!" "D—n it, you will smother me!" "That is right, brother S.; shout again!" "D——n! you will kill me!—Stand back, and give me fresh air!" And much to the disappointment of the old lady, and to the amusement of the worldlings, Capt. S. forced himself out of the crowd, swearing that he never would again be caught in as tight a place.

From the Same, dated OCTOBER 3d, 1836.

The following is the best recipe I have ever seen tried for the *bots* or *grubs*. I think it was once published in either the American Farmer or Turf Register.

Drench with a pint of sweet milk and a pint of molasses; if no relief in 30 minutes, repeat the dose 2 hours after with a quart of strong salt and water—2 hours after with half pint linseed oil.

The grubs fill themselves with the molasses, their skins then become thin, the salt and water cuts them to pieces, and the oil carries them off, and heals the wound inflicted by the grubs. For common cholic, bleeding in the mouth, and a purge of salt and water.

From 2 to 3 ounces of tincture of assafœtida, diluted with a pint and a half of water, will nine times out of ten, produce instant relief.

I well know that many deprecate bleeding in the mouth; I have done and seen too much of it to listen to their theory on the subject. I have heard persons wonder why a horse once foundered was easily foundered again;—'tis simply because the *fever* has never been *entirely out of his feet*.

Truly yours, N.

THE MONTREAL FOX HOUNDS.

The "Herald" of that city announces that the Annual Hunt Dinner will take place at the Globe Inn, on the 24th inst., and in the same paper gives the annexed account of a brilliant run with the Montreal Pack on the 15th.

THE CHASE.—It is certainly surprising, that in a British colony, fox hounds should not be better supported than they are, and one would be led to suppose that "cœlum non animum mutant" can scarcely apply to Canada. One gentleman has stated his only objection to be the name of the thing. An Englishman ashamed of fox-hunting! Another, from a sporting country too, Berwickshire, said, when leaps had to be taken before getting to cover, there could be no pleasure! The covey, perhaps, would be better pleased to follow hounds on a railroad.

On Tuesday, the 11th, there was no run to speak of, but a death crowned the sport of the morning. Crossed to Laprairie and met the hounds at the bay opposite the town. Kennedy, the kennel feeder, acted as whipper in, and distinguished himself early in the day by falling at the first fence he charged, and, it is probable, found the sol des enfans not quite so soft as his native bogs; but he is a game old cock, and loves hounds. Drew the cover that produced that gallant fox of the Saturday—Reynard was not at home. Tallyhoed from a neighboring copse, and the field prepared for a splitting run over the barns country, but the craven took to ground almost immediately, and as the hounds were in want of blood, all hands dismounted to assist in unkenneling him, when Hark! a view halloo from old Kennedy, and his favorites fly like lightning to his well known voice; off they go, and the hurry scurry of re-mounting was very laughable. This fox gave us a nice little burst of ten minutes in the open, and, like his fellow, saved himself in his hole. The hounds were whipt off and found the game, being their third in the large Laprairie cover. This one forfeited his life, and a who-hoop was shouted over his remains.

15th Oct.—Glorious sport, and, as usual, a small field to enjoy it, though "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaimed it a hunting morning."—The hounds were scarcely put into the cover near Charon's Inn, Chambly road, when a very large jet black fox (the first we have seen) went away, and after a short tour, uncertain, perhaps, which way to go, put his head straight for the great Chambly swamp, which the varmint reached in safety, leading us a smashing run of forty minutes, over a most severe country, every field being separated by high rails, with a yawning ditch, which were taken at the fly, but required the courage to be well screwed to the sticking point. As it was impossible to ride through this immense bog, the hounds were called off and taken to the cover of the Stone-house, where they at once hit off the game. Puggy runs the whole length of the small wood and back again. Heavens! what melodious strains! he breaks away, taking exactly the same line as the nigger, every hound close at his brush.—Now go it ye cripples, zounds! what a head they carry! see how they top yon fence with the true dash of the fox hound. The pace was awful, Cocktail carrying a welter weight, Charlie, Der Feufel, and Taglioni being in the first flight, others not placed, even York was wanting. They ran him thirty minutes without a check to the swamp, which he was too fagged to cross through; he skirted its borders and was killed exactly one hour after finding. A third fox was run and killed, but afforded no sport, and the field returned homewards in high spirits after the fatigues of the day.

It will be seen by to-day's paper, that the Columbia, S. C. Jockey Club hold their annual meeting on the 1st Tuesday of Jan. 1837. The Augusta, Ga. Jockey Club announce their's on the 1st Tuesday of Dec. Some Northern turfmen are anxious to know the time of the Charleston and Savannah meetings, for reasons that may appear hereafter. In answer to several correspondents, we can only state that last year the Charleston J. C. meeting commenced on Wednesday, 17th Feb., while the Savannah meeting was held on the 27th Jan. It must be practicable, therefore, to attend the Augusta races, 6th Dec.—Columbia, 5th Jan.—Savannah, 27th Jan., and Charleston the 3d week in Feb.

KENDALL COURSE (Md.) FALL RACES.

The annual Fall meeting commenced on Monday last. We compile the report annexed from our correspondence and the Baltimore papers.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 24, 1836.—Produce Stakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs, fillies 83lbs. Sub. $300, ft. $100, Two mile heats, 3 subs.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. *Virginia Fairfield*, by Timoleon, dam by Virginian	1	1
James B. Kendall's b. c. by Henry, dam by Eclipse	2	2
John Heth's b. f. *Miss Carmichael*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Alfred	pd. ft.	

Time, 3:50—3:55.

The Baltimore Chronicle says that this race was won easily by Virginia Fairfield, who took the lead in the first heat and maintained it to the end, coming out ten feet a head under a pull. The second heat the Henry colt took the lead, but was passed by the filly just as they entered on the stretch home the first mile, and came out a-head on the last mile twenty feet.

The Sweepstakes for *two* yr. olds, one mile out, feather weights, sub. $50, h. ft. to come off this day, did not fill, we presume, as no mention is made of it.

SECOND DAY.—For a Silver Plate, value $300, ent. $50, the winner to take the plate or money at his option; Two mile heats.

Col. John Heth's ch. c. *Ormond*, by Sir Charles, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 100lbs	3	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's ch. h. *Gold Boy*, by Industry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs. 110lbs	4	3	2
Col. J. M. Selden's br. f. *Josephine*, by Standard, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97lb	1	2	dr.
P. Wallis's gr. f. *Molinera*, by Medley, out of Algerina, 3 yrs. 83lbs	2	dis.	
Col. W. L. White's br. c. *Sam Patch*, by Champion, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis.		
M. Patton's br. c. *Pelham*, by Flying Childers, dam by Duroc, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis.		

Time, 3:51—3:53—3:58.

First heat.—Josephine went off from the score ahead, and without being passed, won the heat, Molinera running second, about one length behind—Sam Patch "spun his thread too fine," and was distanced as the Judges gave it in, by one "jump"—Pelham far out.

Second heat.—Josephine took the lead and maintained it for one round, when Ormond made play, passed her, and won the heat by three lengths. Gold Boy running second, pulled up within the distance, and Josephine passed the stand before him—Molinera distanced.

Third heat.—But two started—Ormond took the lead, and without being passed, won the heat and money.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds that never won a race, sub. $100, h. ft., weights as before, 5 subs.

Col. James M. Selden's b. f. *Miss Phillips*, by Sussex, out of Brunette	1	1
James B. Kendall's ch. f. *Mary Granville*, by Sir Charles, dam by Roanoke	2	2

Time, 1:52—1:55½. The following paid forfeit:

Col. John Heth named b. c. *Archer*, by Sir Charles, out of Lady Bollingbrook.

Gen. Thos. Emory named g. f. by John Richards, out of Fanny Wright.

Also c. c. *James C. Tilghman*, by John Richards, dam by Tuckahoe.

Both heats were well contested, and won by Miss Phillips, the first by about one length, and the second by about two.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20. Three mile heats.

James S. Garrison's ch. f. *Martha Washington*, by Sir Charles, out of Isabella, 3 yrs. 83lbs	1	1
Col. John Heth's ch. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler, 4 yrs. 100lbs	2	2
W. P. Greer's ch. h. *Partnership*, by Florizel, out of Lady Amelia, aged, 124lbs	3	dis.
J. Pouder's ch. f. *Ann McKim*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis.	
James B. Kendall's b. c. *Pythias*, by Gohanna, dam by Buzzard, 4 yrs. 100lbs	dis.	

Time, 5:55—5:55.

For the Jockey Club Purse, $1000, Four mile heats, on Thursday, there were six entries:—Glorvina, Catherine Davis, Keno, Dandy, Camsidell, and Maid of the Neck.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 18, 1836.—Match, 4 mile heats, $5000 a-side, h. ft.

Col. John Heth's br. m. *Margaret Armistead*, (late Rebecca Coleman,) by Apparition, 4 yrs., received forfeit from Mr. Robt. Tillotson's ch. h. *Admiral*, by Barefoot, 4 yrs.

Same Day.—Produce Stake, for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs.; sub. $100, h. ft., 4 subs.

Isham Puckett's b. c. by Sir Charles	1	1
Wm. Williamson's ch. c. *Whitelip*, by Gohanna	2	dis.

Time, 2:1—2d heat won in a canter: time not reported.

SECOND DAY.—Match, Two mile heats, $1000 a-side, h. ft.

William R. Johnson's ch. f. by Eclipse, dam by Sir Charles, 3 yrs	1	1
Richard Adams' b. f. by Sir Charles, dam by Remus, 3 yrs	2	2

Time: 1st heat, 4:2—2d heat, 3:57½.

In the first heat the bay filly threw her rider, but as the Judges decided there was no distance agreed on, the race must continue. Both heats were beautifully contested.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $300. Entrance, $15. Two mile heats.

Thomas P. Hare's ch. f. *Betsey Minge*, by Timoleon	3	4	1	1
Wm. Williamson's b. f. by Gohanna	0	3	2	2
O. P. Hare's b. m. *Mary Archie*, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	0	1	3	2
Wm. H. Minge's gr. h. *Jesse*, by Medley, dam by Spring Hill, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	4	2	4	r.o.
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. *Whig*, by Sir Charles	1	5	5	dis.
Richard Adams' b. h. *Somerville*, by Byron, dam by Shylock, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	6	dr.	
John M. Botts's b. h. *Reuben Glenroy*,* by Gohanna, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	0	dist.		
Isham Puckett's b. c. by Timoleon	dist.			

Time, 3:59—3:58—4:0—4:5. * Broke down.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $800. Ent., $20. Four mile heats.

Wm. H. Minge's b. c. *Nick Biddle*, by Timoleon, out of James Cropper's dam, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	0	1	1
John M. Botts' b. m. *Mary Cottontail*, by Gohanna, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	2	3
Richard Adams' bl. h. *Black Heath*,* by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	3	2
O. P. Hare's b. f. *Mary Lea*,* by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archie, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	0	dr.	
Wm. R. Johnson's b. c. (query f.?) by Timoleon	0	dist.	
Geo. B. Poindexter's ch. h. *Paul Jones*, by Washington, dam by Napoleon, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	0	dist.	
Wm. Williamson's b. c. *Billy Grumble*, by Sir Charles, 4 years 100 lbs	dist.		

Time, 8:15—8:18—8:26. * Broke down.

The above report came to us "scarce half made up," neither the age, nor the dam of either entry being given—the weights, of course, *minus*. Will any turfman give us the information desired, in relation to *Betsey Minge*, *Whig*, and Mr. Williamson's Gohanna filly? We have "done for" the others, but the particulars relative to the three named are past our finding out.

MARYLAND J. C. RACES, BALTIMORE.

We publish the report of the 2d day's race in full to-day, from the Daily Chronicle, having merely given the bare result last week.

SECOND DAY, Oct. 19, 1836.—For "*The Craig Plate*," value $500. Two mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. f. *Gabriella*, by Sir Charles, dam by Shylock, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	1	1
Capt. Rich. F. Stockton's b. h. *Monmouth*, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	1	3	dis.
James S. Garrison's b. f. *Virginia Graves*, by Sir Charles, dam by Alfred, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2	2

Time, 4:14—4:3—4:12.

Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey were pitted against each other to-day. Capt. Stockton introduced Monmouth as his champion for the Craig Plate,—and a most beautiful set of Plate was it. Col. Johnson—the great Johnson, the conqueror of a thousand fields, whose name heads the Anti-Van Buren Electorial ticket in Virginia,—Col. Johnson introduced a filly of "beautiful form," called Gabriella, round whose brows no chaplets of victory were entwined, and who had not, so far, "fulfilled the promise of her spring." Modest in demeanor, she had still an "eye wild as the gazelle's"—"now brightly bold, now beautifully shy." Col. Garrison brought forward Virginia Graves, who, with all humility, and in view of her improvement in every respect, asked to be forgiven for an old trick she had, of winning the first heat and getting distanced the next, and claimed to be considered *somewhere* in the race.

Monmouth was the favorite at large odds, and was backed against the field 100 to 75, and in some instances 2 to 1. Virginia Graves had her admirers, and Gabriella was counted upon by those who took the odds, more on account of the fame—*merited fame*—of her owner than any thing else, except her extreme beauty.

The day was every thing that could be wished. A free breeze blowing and light clouds occasionally passing before the sun, gave to the course and country round a calm beauty, whilst it made the hearts of all lighter, and caused, "the young blood to run frolic through the veins."

First heat. At one precisely, Mr. Stevens, who had been appointed by the president chief judge, gave the word for the bugle to sound, and in a few moments the obedient grooms brought up their horses. "Old Charley" led up Virginia—a Jersey Blue brought up Monmouth, and a white-hatted son of the Old Dominion brought up Gabriella. [*Mem.* Arthur Taylor has doffed his "white slouch," and now sports one of the best beavers, and was to-day "neat, trimly dressed," and it was thought by the prognosticators to be a bad *sign*.] A tap of the drum—each rider rises in his stirrups, and away they go! [That starting Gabriella with the horsewhip is not *exactly* "the thing;"—see to it, Mr. Taylor.] As they turn the corner, Monmouth breaks away from Virginia, and before they reach the top of the hill has taken his post in front, and under a steady pull reaches the turn for the run home, where Virginia Graves made play at him, and, as they passed the judges' stand, went a few feet a-head. On the rise of the hill, Monmouth shows her his heels, and at an easy run came round home, three lengths a-head of Virginia—Gabriella just in, having made no effort for the heat. Time slow, 4:14. The track is very heavy, having been covered with tan just before the late rains, which soaked in and made it in many places very soft.

The horses all cooled off well—and it was 100 to nothing that Monmouth wins the money, and no takers.

Second heat. At the sound of the bugle they are all brought up, and, at the tap of the drum, with their noses all in a line, rush forward. A severe cut of the horsewhip sent Gabriella off at a killing pace, and before they leave the pickets she is clear of them all—the boy then took a steady pull on her and away she went, leaving the others twenty feet behind.—With a steady stride she passed round, and turning for home, is clear of them all. At this point Virginia Graves tips Monmouth the wink, and they went at her—Gabriella going all the time at her ease, under no false impression of her superiority, but with a maidenish belief that Monmouth was too gallant to go before her, and that Virginia Graves could not stay there if she went. So they pass the stand, and as they go for the pickets, Virginia goes ahead, and Monmouth manifests a disposition to do so too, at which Gabriella becomes "miffed," and in twenty yards she is clear of them all, Monmouth at her heels begging for a parley. He gives it up, and Virginia tries what she can do, runs up to her girth, and whispers the desire of Monmouth.—"Subtle she is and practised in the arts"—but in vain—Gabriella's maidenly pride is wounded, and with unfaltering steps she passes the goal and wins the heat. Time, 4:3. Better, but still slow.—"The track!" aye, "the track!" breaks in upon the time.

Many an eye and mouth is open with wonder and astonishment, and the "*knowing* ones" might pass for the direct descendants of the ancient family of "Gapers," so wide are their jaws thrown asunder. The 100 to 0 men are like Glendower's spirits—"you may call them, but they wont come!" Bets are now offered 100 to 50—100 to 25 that Gabriella wins the money, and no disposition to take.

Third heat. They are off again—Gabriella takes the lead, and maintains it to the end. Virginia Graves made one ineffectual effort to pass—and then contents herself with saving her distance, and Monmouth, with broken spirits, frets himself, and is distanced twice over. Time, 4:12.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $500. Three mile heats.

Col. J. M. Selden's (Carey Thompson's) b. h. *Enceiro*, by Star, dam by Ball's Eagle, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	4	1	1
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's (W. J. Stratton's) ch. h. *Morris*, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	1	3	2
Gen. Calendar Irvine's b. m. *Azalia*, by Mambrino, out of Wren, by Ratler, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	2	2	dis.
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch. f. *Canary*, by Sir Charles, dam by Trafalgar, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	dis.	
Col. Wm. L. White's b. c. *Sam Patch*, by Champion, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	dis.		

Time, 6:25—6:36—6:30.

Of this race the Chronicle speaks as follows:—

The race was very pretty. Morris took the first heat after a severe struggle with Azalia—Enceiro well up, and Canary just within the poll—Sam Patch distanced. [A by-bet was made that Sam Patch would lead Azalia the two first miles—the contest was close. Sam Patch lost by a length, and the boy then pulled him up by order of his owner.] The second heat was won by Enciero, Azalia on his haunches—Morris just in his distance, and Canary distanced. The third heat was won by Enciero, after a most interesting struggle with Morris, winning by a length—Azalia distanced. The course very heavy

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $1000. Four mile heats.

Gen. Calendar Irvine's b. h. *Mingo*, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett, by Thornton's Ratler, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	1	1
James S. Garrison's ch. f. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Richmond, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2
Capt. Y. N. Oliver's (Geo. Goodwyn's) b. m. *Catherine Davis*, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archie, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	dis.	

Time, 8:25—8:36.

The Daily Chronicle speaks of this race to the following effect:—

The Jockey Club Purse of $1000 was this day to be the reward of the winner. The best son of Eclipse now on the turf, Mingo, aged five years, was the representative of Pennsylvania, and was entered by General Irvine. He had recently walked over the Long Island Course for the Jockey Club Purse of $1000, having no competitor—Post Boy was entered, but on the morning of the race he was drawn, in consequence, as the Spirit of the Times says, of "*indisposition.*" Mingo's powers were acknowledged, and there are those who will take the odds that he beats Post Boy if they meet this week at Camden—*nous verrons!* Mr. Garrison's chesnut filly Glorvina (formerly Miss Maynard), aged four years, was the representative of Maryland. She was raised in Anne Arundel by Mr. Stockett, and by her performance had tended much to increase the popularity of her sire Industry. Catherine Davis, the property of Mr. Goodwyn, was this day to vindicate the fame of the Old Dominion, where she had recently, over the Tree Hill Course, beat her half brother Argyle, the three mile day, in two heats, after a severe contest in 5:55, and 6:10½, and had afterwards, over the same course, we believe, won the four mile purse against an excellent field in good time.

Never were fox hounds more at fault than were the "knowing ones." On the evening before the race, large sums were bet on Mingo against Glorvina,—Mingo against the field—Catharine Davis against Glorvina—Catharine Davis against Mingo. The backers of Glorvina were very few, and the best informed of them took her willingly against either of the others. On the morning of the race, Mingo declined, and some of his friends were very anxious "to hedge"—offering as much as 100 to 80 on the field against him, and not taken—the "item" was $500 to $400;—and when the bugle gave warning that the hour was approaching, the betters were at a stand—nothing doing, and many of them who had been "*cross firing*," were seen casting up their books, to find how they would be affected by either horse winning. The result of the "casting up" was that if Mingo won, his friends would win slightly; if Glorvina won, her friends would win largely; if she "came off" second best, they would "stand off," and if Catharine Davis won, her friends would win largely, and the friends of Mingo have pockets "to let." Taking it all together, this was one of the largest betting races ever run over the Central Course, and so completely was every "point" made, that by possibility the least might be lost or won. We state these particulars in illustration of the fact, that no one can tell which horse will win until the race is over.

First heat. Glorvina has the track, Mingo next, and Cathararine Davis outside. They're off—a beautiful start—and Catharine Davis, as they turn the corner, is ahead. There they go; Mingo with "*the* Eclipse stride," running second, and Glorvina ten feet in the rear. Down the stretch they go, all seemingly hard in hand. Round they come, one after another, and on the extreme edge of the course they are running up the stretch home. Here they are, Catharine ahead! "What was the time of that mile, Mr. S?" "2:3." "Very good indeed, considering the track." They're on the rise of the hill, and, in the same order, are going down—now they turn the corner—now they are coming up—there, they are passed—Catharine still ahead. In the same way they run the next half mile, when Glorvina manifests a disposition to increase the pace, to which Mingo agrees, and the friends of Catharine Davis tremble for her safety. With accelerated pace she runs round and is coming up home, Mingo close on her, with Glorvina at his heels. They pass the stand—they rise the hill—alas for human hopes! Catharine Davis is done! Mingo has closed upon her, and without waiting to say "how do ye do?" he passes, and in the same unceremonious manner Glorvina gives her the "go by." "Two to one that Catharine Davis is distanced," is in the mouth of every one, as the "*daylight*" increases between her and Mingo, who has given place to Glorvina, and who is chasing the daughter of Industry down the stretch at a killing pace. Mingo is closing on her—as they run round the turn he gains on her, and as they come up the run home, is pulling her by the throat latch! She can't stand it—in vain are the persuaders used freely—in vain does her anxious rider shake her head—in vain do her backers cry to her "*go along*"—the horse is up!—one more jump and he is ahead! The shouts of his admirers rend the air—the heat is his, and the chances are two to one that he wins the money. Catharine Davis is distanced. Time, 8:25; long, but recollect the state of the track, which forces the horses to run on the extreme edge, thus increasing the distance in four rounds, nearly a quarter of a mile.

Catharine Davis had disappointed every one, but doubtless on a better course would have left us to tell a different tale. The others are ready when the bugle sounds, and Mingo beats the earth with his hoof, "impatient of delay."

Second heat. At the tap of the drum, Glorvina takes the lead, and maintains it for three miles and a half, when Mingo, who had been closely following in her footsteps, went up to her, and after a short "rally," passed her. The persuaders are freely used, but in vain. Hard in hand Mingo comes up, and with Glorvina at his saddle haunches, passes the stand—"the winner of the day" as was the toast afterwards at the Club dinner. Time, 8:26.

Second Race—Same Day.—Produce Stakes, for 3 yr. olds. Colts, 86 lbs., fillies, 83 lbs. Sub., $500, h. ft. 21 subs.

Col. Wm. Wynn's ch. f. *Martha Washington*,[*] by Sir Charles, out of Isabella	1	1
Capt. R. F. Stockton's gr. c. *Bergen*, by Medley, out of Charlotte Pace	2	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's ch c. *Carroll*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria	3	dis.

Time, 4:9—4:11.

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[*] Trained by J. S. Garrison—$3000 offered and refused for her before the race, and $4000 after the first heat.

HAYMARKET (Va.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The Secretary writes that their Fall meeting was unusually interesting; the grand display from the stables of Messrs. T. P. White, John Heth, William L. White, J. B. Kendall, T. Doswell, C. Thompson, &c., reminding the old turfites of the days of Leviathan, Littlejohn, Enterprise, &c., and furnishing the young mountaineers an opportunity of seeing the best blood, and some of the most distinguished performers in Virginia.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 5, 1836.—A Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, mile heats. Entrance $50, 8 subs.; 86 and 83 lbs.

Absalom Hickerson's c. f. by Restless	1	fell.
Mr. Mershon's c. c. by Adam's Red Rover	2	1
Strother Renoe's c. f. by Rob Roy	dis.	

Time, 2:27. Track very deep.

SECOND DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $400. Four mile heats.

W. L. White's g. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	3	1	1
John Heth's c. h. *Experiment*, by Jack Downing, dam by Ratler, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	2	3
J. B. Kendall's b. m. *Camsidel*, by Industry, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	2	3	2

Time, 1st heat, 8:36—2d, 9:8—3d, 9:23.

THIRD DAY.—Proprietor's Purse, $150. Two mile heats.

Wm. L. White's b. g. *Sam Patch*, by Champion, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
J. P. White's c. h. *Robin Brown*, by Tonson, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	2	2
T. Doswell's s. h *Deceiver*, by Sir Charles, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	3

Time, 1st heat, 4:33—2d, 4:23.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $250. Three mile heats.

C. Thompson's b. h. *Sadi*, by Star, dam by Walnut, 4 yrs. 100lbs	1	1
T. Doswell's blk. h. *Moscow*, by Tariff, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	2	0
S. Renoe's b. g. by Black Warrior, 5 yrs. 107 lbs	0	0
W. L. White's c. c. *Vidoc*, by Carolinian, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	0	0
R. B. Tyler's c. h. *Deposit*, by Gohanna, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	0	6
G. Chichester's s. h. *Riticus*, by Mason's Ratler, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	0	dr.
J. P. White's b. h. *Alp*, by Rockingham, 5 yrs. 110 lbs	0	2

The contending horses have only been placed, the others having stopped at the distance post and walked in. The third heat was won by about two lengths between the first and third horses. The winner was well in hand.

UPPER MARLBORO' (Md.) JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

FIRST DAY, Oct. 4, 1836.—A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds. Two mile heats. $100 ent., h. ft. Four subs.

Robt. Gilmor's gr. c. *Frederick*, by Byron, dam by Sir Hal	1	1
Charles S. W. Dorsey's b. c. *Broker*, by Sussex, dam by Telegraph	2	2
Gov. Sprigg's b. f. *Hortensie*, by Sussex, dam by Bonnie	3	3
Craufurd and Brooke's ch. f. *Mitty Chew*, by Sussex, dam by Ratler	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 4:16—2d, 4:12.

Second race—Same Day.—A match race for $500 a-side, two mile heats, between J. S. Garrison's (W. D. Bowie's) ch. c. *Charles Magic*, by Sir Charles, dam Lady Amelia, and Gov. Sprigg's b. f. *Camilla*, by Sussex, dam Nancy Norwood.

Jas. S. Garrison's (W. D. Bowie's) ch. c. *Charles Magic*	1	1
Gov. Sprigg's b. f. *Camilla*	2	2

Time, 1st heat, 4:9—2d, 4:10.

SECOND DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $400. Ent., $20.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Bumper*, by John Richards, dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	1	1
Y. N. Oliver's ch. f. *Queen of Clubs*, by Eclipse, dam Ninon de Enclos, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	2
J. M. S. Causine's b. h. *Red Rover*, by Combination, dam Nettle Sop, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	dis.	
Ed. G. Willett's ch. f. *Betty Whitefoot*, by Cornwallis, dam by Edelin's Medley, 5 yrs. 97 lbs	dis.	

Time, 1st heat, 6:4—2d, 6:16.

THIRD DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $300. For colts and fillies (3 yrs. old) bred in the District of Columbia and Maryland. Mile heats.

G. L. Stockett's b. f. *Mary Selden*, by Sussex, dam by Richmond	0	1	1
T. R. S. Boyce's b. c. *Broker*, by Sussex, dam Jessey, by Telegraph	0	2	4
Col. Jennifer's b. c. *Wycomico*, by Emigrant, dam by Multum in Parvo	4	3	2
Geo. Forbes's b. f. *Lady Touch-me-not*, by Sussex, dam by Vanguard	3	4	3

Time, 1st heat, 1:56—2d, 1:58—3d, 2:3.

FOURTH DAY.—Jockey Club Purse, $500. Four mile heats.

G. W. Duvall's b. c. *Prince George*, by Industry, dam by Oscar, 100 lbs	2	1	1
Gov. Sprigg's b. f. *Atalanta*, by Industry, dam Nancy Norwood, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	2	2
Geo. Forbes's b. h. *Sir William*, by Marylander, out of the dam of Republican, 8 yrs. 124 lbs	3	dis.	
W. G. Carter's b. h. *Jim Crack*, by Rattler, dam by Edelin's Medley, aged, 121 lbs	4	dis.	
Roderick McGreggor's bl. h. *Prophet*, by Industry, dam by Vanguard, 5 yrs. 100 lbs	dis.		
T. R. S. Boyce's b. h. *Gold Boy*, by Industry, dam by Oscar, 5 yrs, 110 lbs	dis.		
J. Sleeper's b. f. *Anne McKim*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	dis.		

4—8:7—8:12

FIFTH DAY.—A match race for $340 a-side, two mile heats, between Mr. J. S. Suit's b. g. *Sumpter*, by Sumpter, and Mr. E. S. Baldwin's ch. h. *Partnership*, by Florizel, dam Lady Amelia; Sumpter carrying 141 lbs., Partnership 123 lbs. The race was won by Partnership in two heats in the astonishing time, considering the weight each carried, and the depth of the course, of 4:1—4:8. The first heat was well contested, and the whole race was one of thrilling interest.

Second Race—Same Day.—Confined to saddle horses alone—for a Saddle, Bridle, Whip, and Spurs, was won by Mr. Thomas J. Mudd's horse *Randolph*, beating Mr. J. Carter's *Nelly Wedge*, Mr. T. Baldwin's *North Star*, and Mr. R. A. Harwood's *Queen Anne*, and Mr. J. Mullikin's Colt B. H. The winner was closely pressed both heats by Nelly Wedge, and the race was doubtful to the last. Time, 1st heat, 2:4—2d, 2:5.

W. W. W. BOWIE, *Sec.* Up. M. J. C.

LEXINGTON (Ky.) ASSOCIATION RACES.

Last week we gave a report of the races on the 1st, 2d, and 3d days, and now subjoin from the "Reporter" that of the 4th. (It is termed the 5th in that paper, which we presume is an error, as no *fourth day's* race is alluded to).

FOURTH DAY, Oct. 7.—Purse $400. Three mile heats.

James Shy's (H. Daniel's) b. f. *Maria Louisa*, by Muckle John, dam by Gallatin, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	1	1
R. Burbridge's (G. W. Tarlton's) g. c. *W. H. Harrison*, by Trumpator, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	4	2
Davis Thompson's b. f *Eliza Bailey*, by Columbus, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	3
P. Gatewood's b. f. *Fidget*, by Trumpator, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	dis.

Time, 1st heat, 6:36—2d, 6:32.

This race completely disappointed the *knowing ones*. It was supposed from the fact that Maria had beaten only three days before, a field of seven fine horses, 2 mile heats, and from the situation of the track—it being very muddy and heavy from two day's rain—that she could not possibly succeed over fresh horses, and such too as had established no unenviable reputations. Consequently both Harrison and Eliza were freely backed against her by those who pretend to be skilled in these matters. Our friend Shy, however, who is "up to a thing or two," gave his friends a *knowing* look, as much as to say to them, "put up every dollar on her," and they took the "*item*," and played up in fine style upon the Muckle John filly.

At the hour of 12, the four appeared at the post, and looked as if they knew that their friends expected them to do their duty nobly. At the tap of the drum away they went, Fidget leading, followed by Eliza; Harrison next, and Maria laying by the side of him, believing him to be her severest competitor. Having waited upon the illustrious *General* as long as she could, expecting him to make a run for the heat, and finding that he either could not or would not do it, she put off after the foremost, and, in running two hundred yards, closed a gap of upwards of a hundred. It was evident to every one at this time that the heat was Maria's. When they entered the quarter stretch she passed Fidget, and ran home beating the heat in most beautiful style by several lengths.

When they were taken off to cool for the next heat, it was found that Maria was not the least hurt; indeed she had not been struck a lick during the former heat. Her friends now became *more numerous* than they had been before the race, while those who had "planked up the needful" on her before starting, declared "*she could beat Rodolph.*" Two and three to one were offered on her against the field, but there were few so *flat* as to bet against so sure a game.

At the drum call they all appeared again in fine condition, and started, not however in the same position they did at first. Eliza Bailey led, followed by Maria, Harrison next, and Fidget in the rear. It was soon evident that the latter could do nothing, as it was also that the heats would not be broken. Harrison was whipped and spurred from the score, so was Miss Bailey, but the Muckle John filly steadily kept her stride under a hard pull, and beat them the heat without a struggle, not having been put up to the top of her speed.

This race, taken in connection with that of two mile heats three days before, has placed *Maria Louisa* among the first race horses, not only of the State but the Union. She won both races in handsome style, beating *ten fine horses* in the two mile heats in 3:54 each heat. She started to Louisville yesterday, where we suppose she will come in contact with Sarah Miller, Jim Allen and Greyfoot, and if the track is good, and they are all in order, why we should like to hear the time—that's all.

DIAMOND GROVE (Ill.) FALL RACES.

The annual Fall meeting of this Club commenced on the Diamond Course, near Jacksonville, Illinois, on the 28th ult. The weather was fine, though the track was heavy owing to the previous equinoctial storms. We make up the annexed report from our correspondence and the "official" report of the Secretary.

FIRST DAY, Sept. 28, 1836.—Produce Stakes for 3 yr olds; colts 86 lbs.; fillies 83 lbs. Mile heats. Subscripton not named; 3 subs.

Capt. J. Wyatt's b. c. *Rattlecash*, by Rob Roy, dam by Sir Alfred, received forfeit from T. T. January's b. f. by Royal Charley, dam by Hazard, and J. Frost's gr. f. *Jane Tatman*, by Medley, dam by Sir Solomon.

Same Day.—Produce Stakes for two year olds, 67 lbs. Mile heats; 5 subs.

Capt J. Wyatt's gr. c. *Blue Buck*, by Rob Roy, dam by Speedy Roan	2	1
J. Frost's br. f. *Rights of Woman*, by Dashall, dam by Sir Solomon	1	dis.
J. Turpin's g. c. ——, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian	3	dis.
T. T. January's b. c. ——, by Burstall, dam by Bertrand, paid ft.		
Col. J. Greathouse's g. c. ——, by Richard, dam by Archy, paid ft.		

Time, 1st heat, 2:4—2d, 2:8.

SECOND DAY.—Purse $300. Three mile heats.

J. Frost's ch. h. *Laplander*, by Flagellator, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs. 118 lbs	1	1
W. Mitchell's b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, 6 yrs. 115 lbs	2	2
W. Tisdale's b. h. *Jack Downing*, by Saxe Weimar, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	3	3

Time, 1st heat, 6:1—2d, 6:12.

THIRD DAY.—Purse $200. Two mile heats.

J. Turpin's b. c. *Romulus*, by Columbus, dam by Winter's Arabian, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	1
Sharp & Dodson's ch. m. *Lady Elmore*, by Diamond, dam unknown, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	2	4
Col. J. Greathouse's b. f. *Olivia*, by Seagull, dam by Hamiltonian, 4 yrs. 97 lbs	3	2
J. Frost's ch. h *Franklin*, by Flagellator, dam by American Eclipse, 4 yrs. 100 lbs	4	3

Time, 1st heat, 4:3—2d, 4:8.

FOURTH DAY.—Purse $——. Mile heats; best 3 in 5.

W. Mitchell's b. m. *Mary Ellen*, by Sir Charles, dam by Contention, 6 yrs., 8 lbs. extra, 123 lbs	2	1	1	1
Capt. J. Wyatt's b. c. *Rattlecash*, by Rob Roy, dam by Alfred, 3 yrs. 86 lbs	1	2	2	dis.
S. B. Morgan's ch. h. *Red Buck*, by Royal Charley, dam by Hazard, 4 yrs	dis.			

Time, 1st heat, 1:55—2d, 1:57—3d, 1:59—4th, 1:56.

In justice to Mary Ellen, it should be stated that in this race she carried 123 lbs., being 8 lbs. over weight; and that Red Buck fell on the first heat, by getting into a mud hole, the mare running upon him fell to her knees.

E. M. MALLORY, *Secretary.*

VICKSBURG (Miss.) JOCKEY CLUB.

At a meeting of the Citizens of Vicksburg, held on the 20th Sept., for the purpose of organizing a Jockey Club, Wm. R. Campbell was appointed Chairman, and F. Pinckard, Secretary.

The meeting then proceeded to elect a President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer, and three Stewards; and upon counting the votes, Wm. R. Campbel was elected President; Ferdinand Pinckard, Vice President; Thos. F. Walker, Secretary and Treasurer; and Richd. Lyons, A. B. Reading and Jno. Thatcher, Stewards.

On motion of R. J. Lyons, it was resolved that this meeting be governed by the rules and regulations of the New Natchez Jockey Club until this meeting see proper to revise and correct the same.

Resolved, That two negative votes will exclude any person from becoming a member.

On motion of Col. O. Claiborne, it was resolved that the first meeting of this Club be held on the 1st Wednesday in December, and continue four days.

On motion of F. Pinckard, it was resolved, That a Committee of three be appointed by the chair to regulate the purses and distances for the first Fall meeting, whereupon Col. O. Claiborne, A. B. Reading and T. M. Jackson, were appointed, who reported as follows:—

Vicksburg Jockey Club Races.

To commence the first Wednesday in December, and continue four days.
1st Day, mile heats for three year old colts—Purse $200—Entrance $20.
2d Day, two mile heats—Purse $300—Entrance $30.
3d Day, three mile heats—Purse $500—Entrance $50.
4th Day, four mile heats—Purse $1000—Entrance $100.
Same Day.—A single dash of a mile, free for any horse, mare or gelding—Purse $200—Entrance $20. Entrance money of this race added.

WM. R. CAMPBELL, *President.*

THOS. F. WALKER, *Secretary.*

A KANGAROO HUNT.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow a subscriber who, though far distant from his native country, still loves to read and hear of its soul-stirring sports, to contribute his mite towards the amusement of his brethren at home. I cannot send them an account of a run with bold reynard, but I can give what will be certainly a greater novelty, and perhaps as amusing, a sketch of a Kangaroo Hunt.

Our find was at a fine estate belonging to a Mr. Lewis, and as soon as night's curtain was drawn up, the horn was blown, the little pack unkennelled, the steeds mounted, and all off to the cover side. It was a southerly wind and a cloudy sky, and no sooner had the dogs entered among the young she-oaks and ferns—exactly resembling a young fir-plantation at home—than Sweetlips challenged. "Hark to Sweetlips—have at him!" was the cry, and away they all went, breast high, with a loud-mouthed burst. No shouting, keep off the dogs! Crack went the stunted and burnt brushwood, and off went one of the riders, swept out of his saddle by the branches of an oak tree—no stopping to pick him up: a rattling view halloo, and hark forward, Mad-Cap! was all the notice. With trees, both above and below, and immense trunks, strewed all over the ground—a constant look-out a-head, judicious horsemanship, and lots of pluck, are all required to keep in a good place. The aphorism in hunting is "Every man for himself and God for us all." The *Boomer* hopped off at the upper end of the long promontory which forms the Seven-mile Beach, and made towards the lower ferry, keeping the thickest of the brush all the way, and going at the rate of "three hops to a mile;" when he got to nearly the extreme point, he "doubled the Cape," and headed back towards Single Hill, keeping the sand-banks by the beach-side, and bounding along like an antelope. Near Mr. Lewis's fences, he must have been headed by some of the party, who were tailed off at the first burst, for he again made towards the Lower-ferry, booming through the brush and over the dead trees, in gallant style, until he had run half down the neck, when he made direct for the beach, where he was seen for the first time, bounding along inside the breakers, and about a quarter of a mile a-head of the dogs; in this way he ran for nearly a mile, when he again took the bush, and pointed towards Single-hill, the base of which he made before the dogs again viewed him, and when in the act of running into him, they were hallooed off by one of the party. The

Boomer stood five feet high, and the distance he ran could not have been less than twenty miles. The dogs never had a check; went breast high, and at a killing pace the whole way. After this splendid run, all that remained of the field were invited to Mr. Lewis's, and treated with the genuine hospitality of an English sportsman. Good fellowship prevailed, and many was the expression of regret that such a pastime was not more common, as it tended to promote kindly and good feelings.

A QUONDAM FOXHUNTER.

Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land. London New Sport. Mag. for Aug. 1836.

STUD FARMS, BREEDING, ETC.

THE extent to which the breeding of race horses has arrived in this country—the immense capital which is devoted to the purpose, its importance in a commercial point of view, and its wonderful influence, in connexion with the turf, the field, and the road, on our national character, are subjects which afford interesting speculation as well to the political economist as to the sportsman. The amusements of hunting and racing appear to have formed part of our national pastimes from a very early period of our history. The admirable articles in the Quarterly Review, entitled, "The Turf," and "Melton Mowbray," develop the rise and progress, as well as the actual state of those popular field sports, in such vivid colors, as to render the subjects too familiar to the sporting world to make it necessary to enter into any lengthened details upon them here. The title at the head of this letter (which has not often been referred to by writers on sporting subjects), affords me an opportunity of throwing in a few observations and recollections which may not be "out of season," at the present moment.

Although great attention was paid to the breeding of the race horse, particularly in the selection of the blood, and also, though in a less degree, in bringing up young stock, in the days of O'Kelly, Lords Grosvenor and Clermont, Sir C. Bunbury, &c., yet as the progress of time, in a country like this, must extend our stock of knowledge, and from the immense increase in the value of the stakes to be contended for, and the great demand for blood horses both at home and abroad, it must be allowed that of late years rapid strides have been made to the perfection of the art. In fact, there is little left to desire but a greater attention to stout blood, and the soundness of the mares intended to breed from, and the total extermination of two-year old racing. It seems indeed a nice question whether the discontinuing of three and even four mile racing counterbalances the evils of two-year old racing. The great advantages which have attended the system, strongly sanctioned by the example of some of our most successful and experienced supporters of the turf, of not bringing out their two-year olds, has been so frequently and forcibly exemplified, that if it were not for the sake of valuable prizes which they contend for, it would appear extraordinary that it is not more generally adopted. The circumstance of the last three races for the Derby having been won by horses which were not brought out until they were three years old, affords strong proof of the advantage of the practice.

Another great advantage which attends the present mode of management of the young stock, is in the excellent keep of yearlings, foals, &c., and particularly as regards the adoption of the plan recommended in Nimrod's admirable "Letters on Condition." Indeed, the breeders of first-rate hunters, calculated for our fast countries, have now began to pay some attention to the condition of their young horses, and there is every probability of its paying them as well or better than any other sort of stock. The risks and drawbacks are certainly very considerable, and therefore I cannot speak of the speculation in such energetic terms as Nimrod does, yet I doubt not that with good management a well bred, say with three crosses of blood, and good bone, would leave good profits either to a spirited farmer or an amateur. It may be said, that in this cross there would be too much blood, but if the mare bred them with good strength, he must be a bad judge indeed who would find fault with the excess of blood. It is desirable to have the mares particularly well bred, not only because otherwise it would be impossible to have hunters for our best countries, but because this sort of stock is now in considerable demand by foreigners, as also for many of the hunt meetings, which are now bidding fair to become popular. The numerous pieces of rascality which have been at different times practised on the public in half-bred stakes, have caused them to be viewed with great suspicion by many honorable sportsmen, whose prejudice against them is so violent, that in their opinions there cannot be races for half-bred stakes without roguery. It is to be hoped, that from the circumstance of many of these races, particularly those recently established, being conducted by highly respectable clubs, composed entirely of gentlemen, that nothing inconsistent with a sense of what is due to that character, will be tolerated. Those who attempt it at the present day, will be sure to be overwhelmed with perpetual disgrace. After all, however, the breeding of race-horses, in the proper sense of the word, from the prices that are to be obtained for them at all ages, and the prizes that are established at the different meetings, will always be a grand inducement in these times, nearly as much to the speculator as to the sportsman.

It has been observed in the pages of this Magazine, that from the immense exportation of valuable blood horses by foreigners, and *particularly by the Americans*, we shall have to go, in the course of a few years, to the Continent for stout blood; and when we look to your list of "Horses sent abroad by Messrs. Tattersall" alone in 1835, and find the names of such horses as Emancipation, Rowton, Consol, Lapdog, Margrave, Dangerous, &c., in that list, it gives strong reason to fear that your prediction may one day prove true. When, however, we turn back to the pages of the same Magazine (Feb. 1836), and find that we have still left such stallions as Sultan, Emilius, Camel, and Velocipede, it does leave us some grounds to hope that the stock of race horses may still be preserved in this country. The well known adage that "like begets like," was never more strongly exemplified than in the breeding of racers, the produce of a race horse inheriting the virtues and bad qualities of his sire, in a most remarkable degree. If we look through the Racing Calendar, from the commencement to the present time, we shall hardly find an example of a horse who had not in some degree distinguished himself on the turf getting race horses. Although this does not apply so much to hunters and half-bred stock, it is always desirable (*certeris paribus*) to put a half-bred mare to a horse who has shown stoutness on the turf, one for instance who has carried off a few of the old fashioned four mile King's plates, rather than to a horse of mediocre performances, or who, in common parlance, could not (or did not) win a saddle. It is astonishing the difference in gameness, to use a significant term, which even a common hack pony, got by some good old horse, will exhibit over another whose sire came under the denomination of "Crabs." Many examples of this kind will doubtless present themselves to your readers.

One great point to be attended to in breeding, particularly as respects the mares, is in the selection of their blood. It is really astonishing what blood will do! How many shabby-looking mares, with hardly one good point about them except their pedigree, have bred race-horses—as well in shape and appearance, as in speed and performance—preeminently distinguished on the turf? Mr. Orde's Ardrossan mare, the dam of so many good runners, of which it may be sufficient to enumerate Emancipation, Tomboy, and Bee's-wing, is only a long hollow-backed plain looking mare. Matilda also, winner of the Leger, and dam of the Langar and Voltaire colts, who have so highly distinguished themselves in their engagements of the present year, is a very light weedy thing, and which no one would suppose likely to produce such a wonderfully powerful animal as the Voltaire colt, two yrs. old. One of the best proofs of "the great things" which fine blood will do in racing, is in referring to the splendid and numerous trophies which have been gained by the descendants of old Prunella. Nimrod is quite enthusiastic about this blood, and says that without it "no man should attempt to breed." Her pedigree is indeed, (as the connoisseur would say), "a perfect gem," running back not only to Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, and the Byerley Turk, but beyond the Lord Protector's White Turk (generally the *ne-plus ultra* of pedigrees), to the Taffolet Barb, and Natural Barb mare. By far the greater number of our celebrated race-horses have some of the Prunella blood in their veins, either lineally, or from their sires, as several of our best stallions have or have had; for example, Whalebone, Whisker, Camel, Partisan, Chateau Margaux. Many of the best horses of the present day are directly descended from this celebrated mare; for instance, Bay Middleton (winner of the Derby this year, and whose breeding, if the opinion of betting men is any criterion, appears to be in high estimation, as the "Brother to Bay Middleton" is now backed at the short odds of 13 to 1 for the next Derby), Pussy, Wedge, and Cyprian, winner of the Oaks, being a daugter of Partisan, has also some of the Prunella blood.

Another most important point, the advantage of which I have before adverted to, and which is so clearly established in Nimrod's interesting Letters on Condition, is in paying great attention to the keep of brood mares, yearlings, &c., until they go into training. The effects of good keep, like those of good blood, oftentimes work miracles in the race horse; and if the owner of a good sized colt, would keep it well until five years old, without training, or in fact doing any thing but the most gentle work, it would always get strength and size enough to carry 12st. in the hunting field, unquestionably better every way than any half-bred one of the same age.

This would pay better than "training on" many of the poor things we see on the turf, which some people blindly persist in doing. The word "good keep," I do not use in the same meaning as some breeders, who calculate it according to the goodness or badness of the pasture or grass in which their young stock is kept; observing, such a colt is fat, it would be money thrown away to give him corn, not reflecting that when a horse comes to severe work, either on the training ground, or hunting field, the grass will be found merely to have swelled him out with so much dirt, and not to have put any sound, firm, good flesh, and consequently strength and substance on him. How often do we see a rubishy thorough-bred two year old (not able to race) sent to the stud farm, turn out as powerful and fine a mare, at four or five years old, as it is possible to see. In fact, it is a good speculation to purchase a two year old thorough-bred filly, with two or three crosses of blood, (trying for the Stamford or Orville blood, either in the dam or grandam), which may often be done for 20*l.* or so, and keep it well till 3 years old, in a loose box in winter, with three good feeds, and perhaps let out for two hours a day, and to put her to some celebrated stallion in the ensuing spring. If the stock turned out well, it would probably be thought adviseable to keep it on for breeding; if otherwise, the mare at five years old might be used as a hack or perhaps as a hunter, and no man who has once ridden blood horses either in the hunting field, or on the road (if at all up to his weight), would wish to return back to half-bred ones. They are greatly superior to any other sort of horses in two important particulars, one is in being so much more game and lasting, never "giving in" however hard pressed; the other in being, generally speaking, so much more quiet and temperate on the road, and in the field. Another plan, which has been adopted with great success by several very celebrated sportsmen, in Leicestershire, the present S. F. A. Goodricke for one, and which might be followed with profit, in the present remarkable scarcity of hunters, is that of purchasing a good sized strengthy colt, (too heavy to run), at three years old, which might probably be done for somewhere about 50*l.*, run him out of grass (with two or three feeds a day of good oats) till he is six years old, and with previous gentle work to hounds, so as to give him an insight into the business, when he would always fetch a good price. One thing is certain, that from the immense number of horses of almost every description which have been taken out of this country, for the last few years, breeding, whether for the turf or field, will afford good profits to the speculator, and if encouraged and persevered with, this branch of our commerce, for so it may correctly be termed, which has given us so much celebrity, and which, as I before observed, is so intimately connected with our national character, will thus be continued, for at least some years to come, with undiminished energy. To our aristocracy, when pursued, as it ough to be, for the real interests of the turf, it is a source of commendable gratification; to our farmers, one of the most profitable modes of laying out their capital; and in its results, whether as applied to the race-course, the hunting field, or the road—in spite of all the railways which speculators can invent—it has gained us [may it continue to do so!] an imperishable renown in every civilized nation in the world

London New Sporting Magazine, for Sept., 1836.] L. Y.

HUNTING WILD TURKIES IN VIRGINIA.

The modes of taking the wild turkey, which are practised in this section of country, are very various. Where they abound in large quantities, they are frequently caught in what is called a *turkey pen*. They are also shot at baits, which are laid for them in woods or fields where they are known to use, and which they soon get in the habit of visiting every day, at a certain hour—generally very early in the morning, as soon as they fly down from their perch. In this case, the sportsman hides himself in a "blind," constructed for the purpose, of logs, bushes, &c., which must be so close that the turkeys cannot see him, with only a small opening left, to see what may come to his bait, and to shoot through. These two methods are very destructive to the game, and should be discountenanced by all who are fond of turkey-hunting, except where they are very plenty. By the first, (which, however, is rarely practised here, except by the slaves,) whole flocks are sometimes taken at once; and by the second, three, four, and sometimes as many as half a dozen, are killed at a single fire. Dogs may be trained to follow their track until they fly, and then to tree them; for they always light on trees if flushed by a dog. Some gentlemen prefer this mode to all others, as it affords great sport. Almost any dog may be taught to hunt them; but I believe the hound, the pointer, or a cross of the hound and pointer is the best. The dog follows the track of a turkey just as he would that of a deer, until coming upon them, he forces them to take to the trees as a place of refuge, when, governed in some cases by his sight, and in others by his unerring nose, he discovers the place of their retreat, and setting himself down under the tree, and barking with all his might, he so completely absorbs the attention of the turkey, that the sportsman may approach unheeded within gun shot, particularly if he use a rifle, and bring down his game.

When I was a boy, my father had a hound bitch of the blue speckled kind,—old Countess,—(I shall never forget old Countess, if I live to be as old as Methusaleh,) whose fame as a turkey dog was unrivalled. Many a fine fat turkey has she been instrumental in placing on my mother's table; and I feel that I owe to her memory a tribute of affectionate gratitude, which I cannot better discharge than by relating of her the following anecdote, which I know to be true, and which will display her astonishing sagacity and faithful affection for her master. She was in the habit of going frequently into the woods, in pursuit of game, alone; and one Spring morning my father noticed that she had left the house, and shortly afterwards heard her trailing something not far from the plantation, but being busy in his office, he did not go to her. He thought nothing more of it until about noon, when she came home, and running into the office, whining and barking, she gave the strongest manifestations of pleasure. At first, my father thought she was only glad to see him; but she soon made him understand that she wished him to go with her. She would jump upon his knees with her forefeet, look in his face, whine and bark, then jump down, and run to the door, stop, and look back at him, then return, and repeat her solicitations. He became convinced that she meant something more than mere play; so, taking up his rifle, he walked to the door, when she seemed as if she would go mad with ecstacy, and immediately struck off for the woods—sometimes stopping until my father, who followed her, should come up, and then with a joyous bark she would run on again. He continued to follow her, over hill and dale, for nearly two miles, into the heart of the forest, when she suddenly stopped, and raising her head in the air, she gave utterance to her feelings in those long, loud, and melodious howls, which all have heard who have ever been present at the successful termination of a deer drive or fox chase. My father approached the spot, and found to his astonishment a large, fat turkey cock, which she had actually caught and killed, but had refused to eat, reserving it entirely as a present for him. He took up the turkey and returned home, and she quietly followed at his heels, apparently perfectly satisfied with the proud consciousness of having done her duty. When the turkey was dressed, the success of old Countess was not so unaccountable. It proved to be prodigiously large and fat; so much so, that we supposed it must have been too clumsy to arise from the ground into a tree, and consequently, having to depend entirely on its legs, she fairly run it down and caught it.

Some persons are very successful in hunting turkies, who pursue the following plan:—They choose a perfectly dry, still, frosty morning; and going into the woods about nine or ten o'clock, (at which time the turkeys are scratching for their food,) they glide about from one sunny hill-side to another, in the most silent and cautious manner, that the game may not become apprized of their approach, until they hear the noise made by their scratching, which an experienced ear easily distinguishes from that made in the leaves by the rooting of hogs, the walking of other animals, or any other noise usually heard in the woods. When this scratching is heard, the hunter approaches as near as possible without being seen, and then, if within shooting distance, fires; or if not, with his gun ready, he rushes suddenly upon them, and if he be a good shot on the wing, rarely fails to bring down one; and sometimes so surprised and perplexed are they by this sudden eruption upon their privacy, that they take refuge in the surrounding trees, and the hunter may reload and bring down another before they take a more distant flight.

When a flock of turkeys has been scattered by this, or any other means, our main resource is the "yelper," or turkey call. This consists simply of a hollow tube, five or six inches long—a piece of reed, or a part of a pipe stem will answer very well. Old hunters generally use the small bone of a turkey's wing, cut off at each end, and cleared of its marrow. I have one of this kind, nearly as old as I am, (which belonged to my father, and will probably descend to my son,) whose deceitful note, like the song of the syren, has enticed hundreds to destruction. To use the yelper successfully, the hunter must hide himself securely in the lap of some fallen tree, or beyond the body of some large one, or some other object which will completely protect him from the keen eye of the turkey; and then, having waited in silence for nearly an hour, or until he hears the low call of the turkeys, beginning to re-assemble, he will himself imitate their call,—low and cautiously at first, and gradually grow louder and bolder, repeating his call once in five or six minutes. During this time, he must have all his eyes about him, and his ears wide open; for, although the turkeys which may come at his call, will generally answer it as they approach, and thereby indicate the direction in which he must keep his look-out, they do not invariably do so, but sometimes approach in the most silent and clandestine manner, discover him, and take to flight before he is aware of their presence. This method succeeds admirably in the months of November and December. The flocks then are composed mostly of *young* turkeys, that come readily and fearlessly to any call; but when they have become older, and learnt wisdom by experience, they grow shy and much more circumspect. To call up an old turkey requires the skill of an experienced yelper, who is well acquainted with their "manners and customs," who has studied their language, and understands each peculiar note of their call. Much time and practice will alone insure this skill and knowledge; with them, however, success is almost certain. It is really astonishing what a degree of proficiency some persons have acquired in imitating the language of birds. I have seen a man who could, with his mouth alone, so exactly imitate the language of turkeys that no man, and, I think, no *turkey*, could detect the imposition; and my grandfather had an old negro, who, from long observation and practice, had actually acquired the art of calling up *owls*, by counterfeiting their call with his own mouth.

But of all the methods of hunting the wild turkey which are practised here, none, in my estimation, can compare with shooting the cocks in the *gobbling season*. This season commences here about the fifteenth of March, dependent in a great degree upon the earliness of the Spring, and continues to the latter part of May. During this period, where turkeys are plenty, it is an easy matter, any warm, clear morning, to provide before breakfast a fine fat gobbler for dinner; while, at the same time, we enjoy all the melody and fragrance with which the woods at that season so exuberantly abound. To do this, however, the hunter must leave his bed before daylight, and repair to those parts of the forest which he knows to be the haunts of his game, where he should arrive by dawn of day. At this season the turkeys are no longer in flocks, but have separated,—the hens to prepare their nests, and the cocks to combat for supremacy wherever they meet, and indulge in feats of gallantry and love wherever they can find a paramour. The hunter has only to remain quiet at his post, or stroll, silently from hill to hill, until he hears the gobble of some cock, when he must draw near enough to him for his yelp to be heard, and, having secreted himself so as not to be easily seen, he will look to his priming and flint, and finding all right, he will then make a few low calls on his yelper. If the call is heard by the cock, he will rush to the spot with all the impetuosity of ungovernable lust and expected gratification. Alas, sad disappointment! only to receive the death shot of his wily ensnarer. With common prudence, there is never any difficulty in getting fair shots at the cocks at this season. Maddened by the intensity of their passions, they heed not the precautions practised by them at other times; and, as the calls of the yelper should be low and *modest*, like those of the hen when she grants her favors, and tyro in yelping will frequently succeed. From daylight until an hour by sun in the morning is the best, and almost the only time for practising this method with success. It affords far better sport than any other, not only because success is so certain, but because it is practised at a season of the year, and at an hour of the day when all the earth is full of gladness, and every thing around us is calculated to awaken in our own bosoms emotions of the most pure and unadulterated pleasure.

American Sporting Magazine.

HARVEY BURDELL, M. D.

OFFICE, No. 67 Chambers-street, near Broadway. july 2

MUSIC! MUSIC!! MUSIC!!!

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 Broadway, below St. Paul's Church.—Purchasers of Music can at all times find at this establishment the largest and most valuable assortment in the city. The collection of music comprises the publications of all the music stores of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and this city, consisting of new and admired Songs, Marches, and Waltzes, all the most popular Variations. Rondos, Concertos, Duetts, &c. for the Piano, Guitar and Violin.

Foreign publications of music regularly received from Europe by the packets.

Instruction Books, Scales and Gamuts, for every instrument, including the Accordion.

Purchasers will find the counter covered with all the newest and most favorite Songs and Pieces: also books of the same, bound for the convenience of persons leaving the city.

In addition to the assortment of music, are all the various works on the science and composition of music, by Burrows, Catell, Calcutt, Mason, &c.

The price of music, as sold at this establishment, is as low (if not cheaper) as at the other shops about town.

Seminaries, Music Dealers, and Artists of the profession supplied on the most reasonable terms. Orders from every part of the United States, or elsewhere, attended to with the greatest care and despatch.

JOSEPH F. ATWILL, Music Saloon,
jy 23. 201 Broadway, near St. Paul's Church.

A CARD.

WM. A. COLMAN, No. 205 Broadway, New York, having fitted up at much expense, this building, for the display of his extensive assortment of fine Books and splendid Engravings, and for the purpose of selling Oil Paintings by Modern as well as Ancient Artists, which have merit to recommend them; takes this opportunity of offering to his friends and customers, his sincere acknowledgments for their liberal patronage for years past, and also to solicit their continuance at his new store, which will be found an agreeable resort for the purchase of rare and valuable Books, new Publications, Oil Paintings, and Highly Colored Engravings, many of which are expressly got up for his establishment, by one of the first houses in London and in Paris. He holds out no other inducement, in comparison with other similar stores, than a large assortment of the best articles which can be obtained, and to sell them at a fair profit for ready money.

A Catalogue of his extensive stock will be prepared as soon as possible. jy 23.

NEW YORK, ALBANY & TROY STEAMBOAT LINE.

The ERIE,	Capt. J. Benson,	The CHAMPLAIN,	Capt. A. Gorham,
" ALBANY,	" J. G. Jenkins,	" NORTH AMERICA.	" G. Lathrop,
" OHIO,	" M. Bartholomew,	" DE WITT CLINTON,	S. R. Roe.
The ROBERT L. STEVENS,	J. P. Dean.		

One of the above named Boats will leave New York for Albany from the foot of Barclay street every morning at 7 o'clock, and from the foot of Courtland street every afternoon at 5 o'clock.

The morning and evening lines will receive passengers at the Old States Prison wharf.

All goods, freight, baggage, bank bills specie, or any other property taken, shipped, or put on board the boats of this line, must be at the risk of the owners of such goods, freight, baggage &c.

PEDESTRIAN HOTEL.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having purchased a large and commodious House in Killingworth, is now ready to receive company. Those wishing to visit the sea shore, may rest assured that this establishment, in all those matters which essentially concern the health, comfort and amusement of visiters, is not excelled by any other on the sea board.

Sea food, sea air, and bathing, can be obtained in as great variety as at any other place.

A good Pleasure Boat will be at all times in readiness for those who wish to divert themselves by sailing. There is also, within 100 rods of the house, prime fishing ground, where black fish are taken in great abundance.

The Steamboat *Maria* will stop at Killingworth, daily in her trips to and from New Haven and Norwich.

Excellent horses and carriages constantly in readiness for the comfort and accommodation of travellers and visiters.

The subscriber will spare no pains to render the stay of visiters pleasant and agreeable, by providing every thing that may contribute to their health, comfort and happiness.

HENRY STANNARD.

KILLINWORTH, Con. June, 1836. june 25

THEATRICAL.

THE AUTHOR OF A COMEDY in three acts, wishes to dispose of it to some good Low Comedian, in order to have it represented in a manner that will be advantageous to the purchaser as well as himself.—The play referred to, was written for a Prize Comedy, but, owing to a misunderstanding between the Committee and himself, it was not read by them—it is now for sale in manuscript with the stage business arranged for immediate representation. Any person wishing a piece of the Low Comedy order, will please address COMICUS at the office of the Spirit of the Times, stating when and where an interview may be had.

J. T. GOSDEN,

PROFESSOR OF THE FLUTE, late of the Baltimore Theatre and Concerts, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York, that he has located himself in this city, for the purpose of giving instruction on the above instrument and the Piano Forte. He trusts that his long experience in the musical profession, and unwearied attention to his pupils, will be such as to entitle him to their patronage and support. For reference, as to his success as a teacher Mr. G. possesses testimonials from individuals of the highest standing in this country, in whose families he has taught for several years together, and given the greatest satisfaction. For address, apply at Messrs. HEWITT & Co.'s Music Store, and at ATWILL's Music Saloon, Broadway. feb 29

INSTITUTION FOR THE CURE OF STAMMERING.

NO. 40 Cortland Street. This Institution has been in operation in this city for the last eight months, during which a large number of persons from all parts of the country have attended it, and been effectually cured. It is no longer a matter of doubt, that any person, who has the organs of speech at all, may acquire the perfect use of them, by the application of this invaluable system. The time necessary to effect a cure being so short, and the terms so moderate, (from twenty-five to fifty dollars,) it is presumed that a cure is within the reach of all who require it. Persons wishing to attend the Institution, should apply soon, as it is the intention of the principal to close it early in the fall, for the purpose of going to the South.—Communications by letter, (post paid) will receive immediate attention. The following certificates are selected from a large number in the possession of the subscriber, and which may at any time be seen, some of them from persons of the first respectability in this city.

HENRY WELLS, Principal.

New-York, June 28, 1836.

This may certify, that the subscriber has been, for the last ten years, afflicted with an impediment in his speech. Having become a pupil of Mr. Wells in the city of New-York, and taken lessons for three weeks, he found relief, and can now read and speak with ease and fluency. His system is simple in its nature, and easy in its application, and I think will cure the most obstinate cases.

W. F. CALDWELL.

Whitehall, N. Y., June 6, 1836.

Having been long afflicted with stammering to such a degree as to disqualify me for business, and to render it extremely difficult to make myself understood, I saw in the New-York Observer a notice of some astonishing cures in Mr. Wells' Institution, in New-York; by which I was induced to place myself under his instruction. Having spent three weeks with him in applying his system, (which is very simple,) I have now the pleasure of saying, that I can read and speak fluently and with perfect ease.

CYRUS W. PRATT.

Lexington, Greene Co., June 8, 1836.

This may certify, that I have been afflicted with stammering for the last twenty years to such a degree, as to render it impossible for me to do business or take any part in conversation. About ten years since, I attended the Institution of Doctor Chapman, in the city of New-York for about six months; but without experiencing any permanent benefit. Hearing of Mr. Wells' Institution, I was induced to make one more effort to acquire the use of my speech. Having attended about six weeks, at three intervals, I am now able to read with perfect ease, and find no situation in which by the application of his rules, my organs of speech are not as much subject to my will as my hands or my feet. Indeed, I think no person need despair of immediate and lasting benefit, if they will acquire and apply this system. During the time I have been in his school, some thirty or forty pupils have attended; and none of them, so far as I know, without being cured. A wish to benefit those afflicted with this distressing malady, has induced me to make this statement.

ANDREW S. PERRY.

Reading, Ct., June 22, 1836. july 2 tf

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

FASHIONABLE Hat Establishment and Manufactory.—Coupland & Co., 23 Bowery, east side, four doors south of Bayard street. Hats sold retail at wholesale prices, warranted of the very best materials and manufacture, to retain shape and color, in beaver, fur, and satin beaver; also, the admired Drab Hat; with Boys and Childrens' Hats of Black and Drab; Palm Leaf do. and Caps; with every article in the line. Country merchants would find it advantageous to purchase here at satisfactory and accommodating terms. jy 23.

PERRY'S COFFEE HOUSE, *BUFFALO*, NEW-YORK.
feb 20 J. H. PERRY.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

GREAT ATTRACTION! for a short time, at PEALE'S MUSEUM, Broadway, opposite the City Hall. Every evening the performance will commence at half past 7 o'clock, with a pleasing and entertaining Exhibition of

FANTOCCINI, or Mechanical Theatre of AUTOMATON FIGURES.—They perform the most curious and surpassing feats of agility, and difficult movements of the human body, with great accuracy—all accomplished by mechanical means. They keep time with music, and have all the appearance of living beings. The following figures are occasionally diversified with others. These are the same figures that performed at Vauxhall Gardens, London, with great applause.

1. Girl, that pronounces the words Mamma and Pappa. 2. Clown, that pronounces the French words Oh La, La, moving his eyes, mouth, &c. 3. Slack Rope Dancer, performing a great variety of difficult motions. 4. Indian Juggler, that throws golden balls with surprising dexterity and skill. 5. Chair Balancer, who performs many curious feats with two chairs. 6. Pat with his Shillalah, just arrived. 7. Ben the Sailor, who dances a hornpipe, takes off his hat, &c. 8. Wreath Dance, by a young lady and gentleman. 9. Mr. Frog and his Son who perform a most extraordinary Dance. 10. Joe Grimaldi the Clown, whose curious grimaces and figure, never fails to gratify. He encounters the attack of a Dog, &c. 11. Mrs. Shipton smokes her pipe with all the good humor and grace imaginable. 12. A long and strong pull, performed by an old Hog and several Boys. 13. A Turk, who is transmogrifie into six Judges, &c. &c.

MAJOR STEVENS, the American Dwarf.

☞ Prepared Birds and Bird Skins, kept constantly on hand, and for sale.

Admittance 25 cts. Children half price. feb. 20

NOTICE.

THE Subscriber has for the present taken the store 55 Gold-street. A small part only of his Stereotype Plates having been destroyed by the late fire, he will be enabled to furnish a full supply of his publications in a short time.

He has now on hand some of each of the following works—

Hallocks Poems, Drakes do., Shakspeare, 2 vols. 8vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, 8vo., Byron, 1 vol. 8 vo., do. 6 vols. Crown, do., Johnson's Works, 2 vols. 8 vo., Boswell's Johnson, 2 do., Rollin's Ancient History, 2 vols. do., Burke's Works, 3 vols. Crown, 8 vo., Dryden's Works, 2 vols. do., Notices of the War of 1812, Life on the Lakes, 2 vols. 12 mo., Memoirs of an American Lady.

a 6-6t. GEO. DEARBORN

D. L. P. WHILEY, SIGN PAINTER.

AT A. B. Smith's Clock Establishment, No. 7 1-2 Bowery. N. B. Church Clock Dials painted in a superior manner. a6.

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

Augusta, Ga.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, Lafayette Course, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec. On the 1st day will come off a
" "	Match, Four mile heats, $5000 aside, *Hickory John*, vs. *Miss Medley*.
Alexandria, La.	Rapides Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $1000 aside, h. ft. *Corsair* vs. *Wings*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile heats, $500 aside, h. ft. *Rhubarb* vs. *Taglioni*, 12th Dec.
" "	Match, Mile hts. $10,000 aside, $5,500 bye; *Linnet* vs. *Coahoma*, Dec. 15.
" "	Match, 3 m. h., $6,000 aside, $2,000 bye; *Scarlett* vs. *Dick Chin*, Dec. 16.
Baltimore, Md.	Match, $6000 aside, *Decatur*, vs. *Carroll*, 2d day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Camden, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Columbus, Miss.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st day of Nov.
Columbia, S. C.	Jockey Club, Annual meeting, 1st Tuesday, 5th Jan.
Elkton, Md.	2d Tuesday, 8th Nov. free for Eastern Shore and Del. racers only.
Frankfort, Ky.	Franklin Association, Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, 2d Nov.
Franklin, La.	Match, Four mile heats, $1,000 aside; *Star of the West* vs. *Mexican*, Attakapas Course, 1st day of Spring Meeting, 1837.
Greensboro' Ala.	Annual Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 23d Nov.
Gallatin, Ala.	Lowndes Co. Annual Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday in Nov.
Huntsville, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Hanover C. H., Va.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Little Rock, Ark.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Lowndes Co. Ala.	Benton Course, Annual Jockey Club meeting, 3d Monday, 19th Dec.
Memphis, Tenn.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, Tuesday, 1st Nov.
Mobile, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 16th Nov.
Montgomery, Ala.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 6th Dec.
Mount Meigs, Ala.	Medley Course, Montgomery Co., J. C. meeting, 3d Tuesday, 15th Nov.
New York City.	Jockey Club, Union Course, Second Fall meeting, 1st Wednesday, Nov. 2.
" "	Match, 3 m. heats, $3000 a-side, h. ft. *Enceiro* vs. *Azalia*, 2d Fall meet.
Natchez, Miss.	Annual Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st or 2d Wednesday in March.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $6,000 aside; *Talleyrand* vs. *Susan Yandell*, Feb. 27.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $5000 aside; *John Minor*, vs. *Sally Hope*; Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $1000 aside; b. c. by Pacific, vs. b. c. by Longwaist; Feb.
" "	Match, Mile hts, $2000 a side; f. br. to Naked Truth, vs. f. by Muley; Feb.
" "	Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., —— heats, *Antelope*, vs. *Jim Polk*, Feb. 1837.
" "	Match, $2000 a-side, h. ft., 2 m. h., *Cassandra*, vs. *Margery Greer*, Feb.
" "	Match, 4 m. h., $3 000 aside, h. ft., *Hard Heart* vs. *Antelope*. Jan. 29, 1837.
Nashville, Tenn.	Match, — heats, $5,000 aside, produce of Bertrand and Eclipse, of Tenn., vs. produce of Leviathan and Marshal Ney, of Mississippi, Fall, 1838.
Newberry, S. C.	Jockey Club, 4th Tuesday, 22d Nov., near Court House.
Orangeburg, S. C.	St. Mathew's Parish, Richardson Course, Fall meeting, 4th Wed. Nov. 23.
Opelousas, La.	Jockey Club, Annual Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 10th Nov.
Plaquemine, La.	Match, 2 m. h., $2,000 a-side, *Go-it-Jerry* vs. *Plato*, 1st Dec.
Russellville, Ky.	Logan Co. Jockey Club, 1st Fall meeting, 1st day of Nov.
Tree Hill, Va.	Match, 2 m. heats, $2000 a-side, h. ft. *Kitty Minge*, by Timoleon, vs. *Virginia Timberlake*, by Sir Charles, 1st day of Spring meeting, 1837.
Tarboro', N. C.	Annual Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov.
Trenton, N. J.	Eagle Course, Second Fall Meeting, 2d Tuesday 8th Nov.
Vicksburg, Miss.	Jockey Club, 1st meeting, 1st Wednesday, 7th Dec.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country may have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. York Spirit of the Times. For a great number of Racing, Trotting, Pedestrian, Aquatic Shooting, and other Matches and Challenges, at home and abroad, see previous numbers.

Summary.

☞ A late number of Bell's Life in London contains a report of the Egham Races, from which we quote a paragraph or two for the purpose of making our readers acquainted with the love cherished by his present Majesty, William IV., for the national and manly sports of the Turf.

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the sky in the early part of the day, the promised visit of their Majesties, coupled with the expectation of sport, warranted by a most liberal and influential stewardship, attracted a numerous and highly fashionable company, who were gratified with a very fair afternoon's amusement. The tents captured from Tippoo Sultan were erected opposite the judge's stand, for the accommodation of their Majesties and suite, their capaciousness and richness of color forming a striking addition to the general fittings up of the course. The Royal party reached the tents about a quarter before two, amidst the usual demonstrations of loyalty and respect. Their Majesties did not leave the ground till the conclusion of the sport.

Previous to the commencement of the races, his Majesty was most graciously pleased to receive a deputation of the gentry and inhabitants of the town of Egham and neighborhood, consisting of Colonel Salway, Colonel Chaloner, Mr. G. S. Harcourt, Captain Harcourt, Mr. John Mitchell, Mr. Wetton, Mr. Elstone, Mr. Gardner, and Mr. Hubbard, with an address of thanks for his late munificent grant of a free plate of 100 guineas to the races, to which his Majesty was pleased to return the following answer:—

"His Majesty said that he most deeply felt the dutiful attention that induced this acknowledgement of an act prompted on his part by a desire to show that he was sensible of the munificence and loyalty of a Parliament and a people that had not only enabled him to possess as a residence that ancient and magnificent castle, the pride of Englishmen and envy of foreigners, but to follow the dictates of his heart in furthering the wishes and promoting the happiness of every class of his people, whether of the gentlemen of large fortune, or of that class (looking towards the inhabitants of Egham), which he should always consider as forming that most important connecting link in a chain that binds the heart of a Sovereign to the interest and enjoyment of a people. That he considered this to be a national sport, the manly and noble sport of a people, and that he deeply felt the pride of being able to encourage the pastimes, so intimately connected with the habits and feelings of this free country. That he could not help adverting to the spot on which they were now assembled to enjoy an amusement so truly national!—a spot which derived such a peculiar claim to our veneration from the circumstance that here arose the first dawning of liberty so dear to his heart—so dear to the heart of every one of his people. That neither he nor anybody could be present without calling to mind that here it was that our liberties were obtained and for ever secured, and that we were here to enjoy those liberties and sports which he would with his utmost power ever protect and foster, and in so doing never lose sight of the welfare and enjoyment of every class of his people, from the highest to the lowest."

This answer, which was delivered extemporaneously, gave the highest gratification to the deputation.

Caldwell, in completing is modifying and embellishing his theatre, although we regret sincerely that he has been induced or obliged to forego building the contemplated portico across the pavement.

His workmen are now putting up a grand chandelier in the centre of the audience part. This was manufactured in London, and cost $10,000—being the largest in Europe. Its weight is two tons one qr. and 10 lbs.; and it is composed of 23 cwt. of brass, 9 cwt. of iron, and 9 cwt. of cut glass—the last being in 23,600 pieces. It is emblematic of the United States, containing in the top border a compartment of 26 eagles and stars, surmounted by a gilded cornice of *fleur de lis*. In diameter below it is 12 feet; and from the topmost ornament to the bottom it is also 12 feet. It will be lighted with gas by 176 burners; yet instead of a blaze the effect will be that of a soft moonlight.

New Orleans Standard.

A new safety coach has been constructed at Hull, in Yorkshire, England, which is of the ordinary size, and the point of suspension, instead of being placed below the centre of gravity, as is usually the case, is fixed considerably above it. Whenever, therefore, the irregularities of the road elevate the wheel on one side, the body of the carriage oscillates, and immediately assumes the same vertical position which it had on the plainest surface.

They are beginning to have Regattas at Newburgh. No place so beautiful for this display as the sublime scenery of the gorge of the Highlands, where the smooth expanse of the noble river stretches out into a superb bay, overhung by precipitous mountains. The Newburgh Gazette of Saturday gives the following too brief notice of the aquatic display alluded to:—

"The Regatta went off with great eclat on Saturday last, and was well contested. The Highland Wave came in about a length ahead of the White Lady, and the Bachelor a little way behind. The distance rowed was four miles; time, 21 minutes 50 seconds. It is an excellent and exhilarating mode of exercise, and such as may be enjoyed with the most beneficial effects."

Advantages of "a good match" to a Family.—"How every member of a family," continued Mrs. Lennox, "sanctions a marriage as it regards *lieux propres interets*." "Every thing one can wish," says the mother, "twenty thousand a-year—descent from the conquest—liberal jointure—abundant pin money." "Very satisfactory," says the father, "good home for the boys, excellent cook, claret unrivalled." "Capital fellow," says the brother, "grouse-shooting in Scotland, hunting-box in Leicestershire, good pack of hounds." "A very nice person," says the sister, "never smokes—but at the Opera." It never occurs to any to ask, whether the woman really likes the man whose companion she is to be, perhaps for 40 to 50 years. Tales of Fashion and Reality.

Our brother over the way gave us a specimen of Lincoln county poetry a few days ago. We think we have got a verse to match it, all the way from New Jersey. An editor down South thinks the first line is well characterized by the *dog*-grel:—

> When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
> I often wish my lot was *hisen*—
> How often I should stand and turn
> To get a pat from hands like *hern*.

Nashville Repub.

A Modern Draco.—The silent system, it appears, drives the rogues in some measure from the districts in which it is adopted. This may be all very satisfactory, but the discretionary power of the magistracy seems to be carried to a curious extent. A turnkey has been discharged from the House of Correction, because he smiled at a prisoner. Alderman Wilson, at a late meeting of the magistracy, observed that "he was one of those who was prepared to express an opinion, that the smiling at a prisoner by a turnkey was amply sufficient cause for his removal from office." Every turnkey should look as fierce as a Saracen's head, and have his features as immoveably fixed as a lion's head on a brass knocker. Prison discipline will soon be brought to remarkable perfection.

London Sunday Times.

Travelling by Air-Kites.—Mr. Pocock, of Bristol, has a travelling carriage drawn by kites, which goes at the rate of 25 miles an hour!

A bear may be seen at stalls No. 33 and 35 Faneuil Hall market, which was killed on the 10th inst. by John Noyes and others, in the town of Greenwood, Oxford County, Maine. He weighed when killed 525 lbs. Weight of the quarters, 401 lbs., hide, 45 lbs. It is thought that his bearship had killed over 500 sheep in county within the last two years. We ought to have said before, that bear steak when the animal is fat, is not the worst dish we have eaten by a good many, and the fat on this crittur is five inches deep, and Nathan Robbins is the man to cut them handsome. Boston Transcript.

Old Hays's definition of the word *Alibi*, as used for the purpose of enabling an accused felon to prove that he was at some other place at the time the felony was committed—

> Alibi is *A-lie*
> *By* which the rogue may fly

Well done, old thief-catcher!

We are happy to learn, says the Boston Gazette, that some of our milkmen are beginning to retrace their steps and come back to their old prices. In this we think they have acted prudently, for the old ladies of the Western Athens had determined on the formation of a Do-without-milk-in-your-tea Society, in order to convince the refractory cow-keepers that the *road to wealth* lies in quite a different direction to the *milky-way*.

Spurious Butter.—A Boston lady finding herself short of butter upon the very eve of a tea party, sent a lad to the market for some of that indispensable material; who returned with the requisite quantity elegantly "done up," and stamped with a *vignette* of Noah's dove. The butter was excellent upon the outside, but upon broaching it, the inside was nothing but hogs fat! They are a remarkably ingenious people in Boston.

The Schoolmaster at Southport.—A boy was employed to attend with his donkey the other day upon a young lady at Southport, who wished to ride out. There being an appearance of rain, the lady declined going, but paid the stipulated charge, observing that it was all the same whether she rode or not. "No, Ma'am," answered the boy, looking very sentimental, "it's not all the same, for I shall not have the pleasure of your company."

Maiden Name.—A tall, swarthy, middle aged man, with a bushy black beard, full a week's growth, edged his way up to the bar, and tapping Counsellor —— on the shoulder, said to him—"Plaze your honor, I'd be getting a write 'gainst Larry Donahue for a trifle he'd be owing me." "What might your name be?" replied the willing counsellor. "Flannagan, yer honor," answered the eager client. "What is your other name?" continued the counsellor. "Och, my *maiden* name is it you want; sure thin me maiden name is Patrick at your honor's sarvice."

Remuneration of American Authors and Artists.—It is said that for literary contributions, engravings and music, the proprietors of the *New-York Mirror* pay annually the large sum of *fifteen thousand dollars!* Nothing but a most extensive circulation would authorize such an expenditure. Boston Morn. Post.

Captain Vanderbilt, the owner of the steamboat *Lexington*, offers to bet $5000 that no boat ever performed a trip through the Sound in as quick time as the Lexington has made some of her regular ones. Also, he will bet $20,000 that no boat plying on Long Island Sound can equal the Lexington in speed; and that any trial may be made on such a bet before the first of December. Captain V. made these offers in order to contradict a vile report now in circulation, that the Paovidence steamer *Narraganset* is a swifter and better boat than the Lexington.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL--CITY HOTEL.

MR. W. A. KING has the honor to announce to his friends and the public in general, that his Benefit Concert is fixed for Monday evening, 31st October, 1836, at the City Hotel, when a grand performance of music will take place, and a variety of novelties, vocal and instrumental, will (for the first time) be presented to his patrons, particulars of which will be shortly published.

Mr. King has the pleasure to add, that the first musical talent in New York have, in the handsomest manner, come forward on this occasion to render him their valuable assistance; and he is also in treaty with several public favorites, who will return to town in the course of the present week, amongst whom Mr. H. Russell, who made so thrilling an impression at the late Oritorios, has in the kindest manner offered his valuable services. Also, through the kind permission of Messrs. Flynn & Willard, he is much gratified in being able to announce those highly distinguished Vocalists, Miss Watson and Mr. Plumer, (of the National theatre,) who will appear in the course of the Evening. Mrs. Franklin, and Mr. Dempster, who has also kindly volunteered his services—and the celebrated Miss Graddon, (late from London.)

☞ Mr. King is happy to announce that he has been so fortunate as to secure the services of this eminent Vocalist, who has been so enthusiastically received in New York, Boston, &c. &c. for this occasion.

In the course of the evening the celebrated Pianist, Mr. Timms, (by kind permission of Mr. Simpson,) will perform a Grand Duet on Two Piano Fortes, with Mr. W. A. King. Also a Grand Trio on Three Piano Fortes!! will be performed by Mr. W. A. King, Mr. Timms, and Mr. Charles M. King, who will appear for this night only.

Mr. Downe, the celebrated performed on the Flute, will make his first appearance this season, and perform a New Fantasia, by Nichelson.

Signor Cioffi, on the Trombone.

Mr. Markes will play a Solo on the Violin.

Mr. Christian, the admired performer on the Clarionette, will play an entirely new Fantasie on that instrument.

Mr. W. A. King will perform, for the first time in this country, Brilliant Variations on the Piano Forte, on the beautiful air, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," composed by Kalkbrenner.

In the course of the evening, Favorite Glees, &c.

☞ Further Novelties will be duly announced.

The Orchestra will be complete in every department. Leader, Mr. Markes. Conductor, Mr. Watson.

☞ Tickets One Dollar each, to be obtained at the principal music stores, at the Astor House, and at the City Hotel. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock. [o29.

FOR SALE.

AN ESTABLISHED LIVERY STABLE, eligibly located in the upper part of this city, together with his stock of horses, carriages, &c., will be sold upon *extremely* liberal terms, on application at the Land, Loan, and Law Office of Van Cott & Duryea, No. 43 Fulton street, Brooklyn. [o29-tf.

NEW YORK RACES.

THE Second Fall Meeting, 1836, will commence on Wednesday, the 2d day of November next, and continue Three Days.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY.

Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Same Day.—Sweepstakes, Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds; entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. B. B. Seaman names Dusty-foot, by Barefoot, out of Agnes.
2. R. F. Stockton " his colt Bergen.
3. Also " his colt Cumberland.
4. J. H. Vanmater " ch. c. African, by Valentine, dam by Marshal Bertrand.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY.

Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Same Day.—A Sweepstakes (for colts and fillies that never won a race—if five start, the second in the race to receive back stakes,) two mile heats, entrance $300, forfeit $100.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Robt. L. Stevens names s. c. by Henry, out of Lalla Rookh.
2. Robt. Tillotson " ch. c. Coronet, by Henry, out of Medoc's dam.
3. I. S. Snedecor " Wilson's filly, by Henry, out of Di Vernon (Cadmus' dam).
4. J. Bathgate " c. by Henry, dam Sheley, a Bussorah mare.
5. Alex. L. Botts " ch. f. by Sir Charles, out of Purity, (by Archy, out of Trifle's grandam.)
6. John C. Stevens " s. c. Sirocco, by Henry, out of Lady Jackson.
7. Also " ch. f. Fanti, by Henry, out of Janette.
8. Thos. Pearsall " c. by Talma, out of Dove.
9. Wm. Jones " ch. f. Fleet-foot, by Barefoot, out of Eleanor.
10. Jos. H. Vanmater " bl. f. Bonny Black, by Valentine, dam by Ratler.
11. Jas. S. Garrison " b. c. Stockton, by Eclipse, out of Iris, by Archy.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY.

Jockey Club Purse, $1000. Four mile heats.

THE following two Sweepstakes are open to be run over the Union Course, Second Spring Meeting, 1837, and will close on the 1st of January next:—

A Sweepstakes for then 3 yrs. old (spring, 1837). Mile heats. Entrance, $1000, forfeit, $250. Four or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.
2. John C. Stevens.
3. Robt. Tillotson.
4. Robt. L. Stevens.

A Sweepstakes for then 4 yrs. old (spring, 1837). Two mile heats. Entrance $1000, forfeit $250. Four or more to make a race.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Wade Hampton.
2. John C. Stevens.

It is thought advisable to publish the following Regulation:—"A non-resident of the State of New York, introduced by a Member, can have the privilege of the enclosed space and Members' Stand, by paying $3 for the Meeting."

As no stranger can be admitted but by a Member, a person hereafter will be stationed in the Club Room, with a book, to record the name of the stranger, his residence, and the name of the Member introducing him. In no instance, under any circumstances, will this be deviated from.

ALEXANDER L. BOTTS.
DAVID H. BRANCH.

New York, Oct. 1836. [o22]

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Second Fall meeting will commence on 2d Tuesday, 8th Nov. 1836, and continue four days.

First Day.—A Post stake for all ages—two mile heats—subscription $500 each, forfeit $200, and $100 added by the Proprietor to every horse that *starts* in the race; four or more to make a race. To name and close at the Eagle Hotel, on Monday evening, Nov. 7th, at 8 o'clock.

Same Day.—A purse of $200, mile heats.

Second Day.—A Poststake for three year olds—two miles out—entrance $200, forfeit $100, and $100 added by the Proprietor, three or more to make a race. To name and close at the Eagle Hotel, on Tuesday, Nov. 8th, at half-past 2 P. M.

Same Day.—A Purse of $300. Two mile heats.

Third Day.—Citizens' Purse $1000, four mile heats, three hundred of which goes to the second horse in the last heat, provided he is not distanced. Entrance $25.

Fourth Day.—A Purse of $200, Mile heats., the best 3 in 5.

The first race will come off each day at 12 o'clock, and the second race immediately after.

TROTTING.

On the First day of the races, at 3 o'clock, a purse of $100, under the saddle, two mile heats, free only for horses that never won a match nor purse of that amount.

On the Second day, at 3 o'clock, a purse of $200, in harness, three mile heats, free for all.

On the Third day, at three o'clock, a purse of $200, under the saddle, two mile heats, free for all.

On the Fourth day, at 3 o'clock, a Sweepstake, three mile heats, under the saddle, entrance $500, five subscribers and closed.

Mr. Conklin enters Dutchman,
Mr. Whelan enters Steamboat,
Mr. Bartine enters Norman Leslie,
Mr. Furman enters Columbus.
Dr. Tyson enters Lady Warrington,

Entries for all purses (except the first day's) will close at the Eagle Hotel, on the day previous to each race or trot, at half-past 2 P. M., and the results will be published in the United States Gazette, Philadelphia, on the morning of each race. As an unusual number of horses is expected, gentlemen who have not procured stabling would do well to make early application to the subscriber.

Trenton, N. J. Oct. 20, 1836. [o22] O. BAILEY, Secretary.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE "Mobile Jockey Club Fall Races" will commence on Wednesday, the 16th day of November, and continue four days.

1st day—Jockey Club Purse, $1000, four mile heats
2d day—Citizens' " 700, three "
3d day—Jockey Club " 500, two "
4th day— " " " 300, one " best three in five.

The above purses will be hung at the stand each day, without discount, free for any horse, mare or gelding in the United States. The rules of the Central Course, Baltimore, to govern.

OFFICERS OF THE MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB.

Col. GEORGE WALTON, President.
Maj. JOHN MAYRANT, 1st Vice President.
Dr. JAMES F. ROBERTS 2d Vice President.
Gen. JOHN F. EVERITT, Corresponding Secretary.
THOMAS BATES, Recording Secretary.

Mobile, Ala., Aug. 27, 1836. s6ff.

STALLION STAKES FOR 1840.

THE UNDERSIGNED agrees to run two Sweepstakes Races in the Fall of 1840, with the get of Stallions from mares covered in 1836, for One Thousand Dollars each, P.P.; the first 2 miles *out*, carrying 110 lbs; the second, 2 mile *heats*, according to the rules &c., &c., to be run over the Nashville, Tennessee, Course; the first on Saturday preceding the regular Fall Meeting, the second on Saturday of said meeting. The get of *Leviathan* and *Eclipse* to carry 5 lbs. extra as approved stallions. To close on or before the 1st of January, 1837; five or more to make a race.

E. H. Boardman enters get of Imp. CONSOL.

Huntsville, Ala., June 17, 1836. july 2

James Jackson & Co. enter the get of Imp. LEVIATHAN, on the terms proposed.

Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 10, 1836. Sept. 10.

A TRAINER WANTED.

WANTED, by a gentleman at Murfreesboro', Tenn., about August, 1837, a person capable of taking the management and training of a stable of horses, to whom a liberal salary will be given, with every encouragement. Apply to JOHN HOLMES.

o15. Murfreesboro', Tenn.

TO TURFMEN AND BREEDERS.

SHORTLY will be published Three Genealogical Tables of Thorough bred ENGLISH STALLIONS, showing, at a glance, the line of blood of every entire horse which has got coverers descended from the three great sources of the race-horse—viz., the *Darley Arabian*, the *Godolphin Arabian*, and the *Byerly Turk*. The tables are compiled by W. Ross, Turf Reporter to the London Papers and Bell's Life in London, from those of M. Lunea, drawn by order of the Emperor of Russia, and are published under the patronage of the most influential members of the Jockey Club; they will be neatly lithographed and may be had either on a plain sheet, or on rollers to hang up as a map. Orders received at the office of the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. a 13.

TO SPORTSMEN.

ROBT. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street, New-York, manufactures and repairs all descriptions of Guns, Pistols, and all the variety of sporting apparatus, in the best possible manner.

R. A. R. has always on hand a great variety of Guns, Pistols, Cleaning Apparatus, Wad-cutters, Bullet-moulds, Nipple-wrenches, Powder-flasks and Horns, Shot-bags and Pouches, Lock-vices, Game-bags, &c. &c., all of which he warrants of the best quality and at moderate prices. Buys and exchanges new and second-hand Guns, Pistols, and all articles connected with his business.

R. A. REED takes the present opportunity of returning his thanks to the public for the patronage so liberally bestowed upon him since his commencement in business, and assures them that no exertion shall be wanting to retain its present and deserve its future favors.

R. A. REED, 76 Chatham-street.

N.B. A large assortment of *Ducking Guns*, suitable for the present season. feb 20

TO TURFMEN.

A YOUNG man recently arrived from Europe, of light weight, and possessing some experience, is desirous of exhibiting himself on the American Turf, and hereby offers his services to any gentleman having a strong horse to ride at the approaching races. The advertiser having rode with success for some of the first sporting characters in Europe, flatters himself that he will be able to give satisfactory references to any gentleman who may be pleased to notice this advertisement, being both strong and light in weight. Trotting matches, Sweepstakes and single matches attended. Address J. C. G. at the office of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway.

P. S.—The advertiser, if desired will also train either race or trotting horses. may 14

SKINNER'S ENGLISH STUD BOOK.

THE Subscriber having sold to Mr. Gideon B. Smith, all his interest in Skinner's edition of the English and American Stud Book, all persons indebted for the said book will please pay the same to Mr. Smith, and all persons having any of said books in their possession for sale, will account for the same to him. Those persons who have paid for the book and not received it, will please apply for it to Mr. Smith, or give him directions how to send it to them. J. S. SKINNER.

Baltimore, July 25, 1836.

N.B. Having no further interest in the work, I can the more readily recommend it to all owners of thoroughbred horses. It contains the whole of the English Stud Book in three volumes, which it costs $25 to import, with the pedigrees of the most distinguished stallions and mares, to which may be traced the present stock of American horses. J. S. S.

The subscriber is desirous of closing the sales of Skinner's edition of the English Stud Book as soon as possible; he therefore requests all persons that want it to apply immediately by letter or otherwise. Copies are deposited at Charleston and Columbia, S. C., Savannah and Augusta, Geo., Louisville, Ken., Fayetville, Tenn., and at the Messrs. Carvills, at New York, so that any person in any of those sections of the country, can apply to me for a copy and I will give them an order for it. They are also for sale at the office of the Turf Register in Baltimore. When they are sent by mail the postage is $4,06. The money ($10 a copy) should in all cases accompany the order.

The edition is very limited and not likely ever to be re-printed.

a 6. GIDEON B. SMITH, Turf Reg. office, Balt.

A CARD.

W. FULLER respectfully informs his subscribers and the public in general, that both Gymnasiums, 205 Green-street, near Bleecker-street, and 333 Broadway, corner of Anthony-street, have re-opened for the season.—"Bodily exercise strengthens, and a sedentary life weakens the constitution; therefore it is necessary to keep up the balance between body and mind."—Spurzheim.

Sparring and Fencing taught as usual, upon the most approved principles. s8.

TO THE SPORTING AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM F. GRIFFIN & CO. would respectfully inform their Friends and the Public, and Gentlemen from the South and West, that they have taken the Store formerly occupied by Mr. Thomas Richards & Morrell, No. 240 Pearl St. corner of Burling Slip, where they would respectfully invite the attention of gentlemen purchasing Clocks and Watches as they have received and are continually receiving Invoices of First rate watches consisting of London Duplex, Lever, Lepine, and Verge Watches. Some of their Watches having Independent Second Hands with the stop Work arranged out side of the case are allowed by the best Judges to be the most correct article ever introduced for *marking time*. Gentlemen desirous of purchasing any of the above articles are requested to give us a call as our prices will be found most satisfactory. These Watches being chiefly of our own importation we are enabled to sell them as low as any other establishment in the city. Gentlemen are requested to call and inspect the New Assortment, which for Quality and Price are equal, if not superior to any in the City.

New York, April 7th, 1836.

AMERICAN LUNCH.

THIS establishment was opened in February last, and the patronage extended to it calls forth the warmest acknowledgments of the undersigned. He would, at the same time, assure his friends and the public generally, that no effort shall be wanting on his part, to secure to them, at all times, the best the market affords; and he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same liberal patronage. S. T. EDWARDS.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD STEAMBOAT LINE, DAILY.—One of the New-Haven Steamboats, until further notice, will leave pier No. 23, foot of Beekman-street, for New Haven, daily, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock, A. M., and at 4 o'clock, P. M., on Saturdays, and one of said boats will leave New-Haven on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 12 o'clock, M., and on Saturdays at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 2 o'clock, P. M.—By this arrangement there will be two boats from each place on Saturdays, viz.: one in the morning and one in the afternoon.

Excellent Post Coaches are always in readiness on arrival of the boats at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence and Boston. Also, to Lichfield, via Waterbury, daily, and via Woodbury on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. For further information respecting freight and passage, inquire of JOHN SAXTON, 114 South-street. feb 20

SAM JONES, FISHERMAN, LONG ISLAND SOUND,

KEEPS constantly on hand a large assortment of Fish, such as Porgyes, Moss Bankers, Lamper Eels, Sheep Heads, Crabs, Clams, Lobsters, Tom Cods, Killeys, Porpoises, Whales, Grampusses, Albany Beef, Flying Squirrels, Pollygrews, Land Crabs, Sea Horses, Rhinoceroses, Aligators, Shrimps, Bull Heads, Toads, Mackerel, Snapping Turtles, Sharks, Swellers, Toad Fish, Shad, Oysters, Carolina Potatoes, Sea Bass, Flounders, Lunar Bats and Dock Rats, with various other Water Fowls too numerous to mention!!!

N.B. A large quantity of Sea Serpents, just from Cape Cod, to be disposed of, will be sent to any part of the city free of expense!!!!

Enquire of A. W. V. & Co., Jackson Ferry, East River.

Ward's Island, Aug. 27, 1836. a 27.

CLEOPATRA.

JUST returned from the South—Mr. Le Bert has the honor to inform the patrons of the Fine Arts, that the celebrated Statue of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, has arrived in this city, and is now exhibited at 175 Broadway.

Hours of exhibition from 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

This splendid piece of sculpture is an original modern production of unsurpassed merit in all its parts. In beauty of proportion, contour, anatomical accuracy, expression, attitude, and high finish, it is a work which stands unrivalled in the wide catalogue of modern productions. s 28.

FINE ARTS.

THE public are respectfully informed that the celebrated picture of *La Belle Nature*, painted by Boudet, of Paris, which has received so much editorial praise in all the principal newspapers of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and another splendid late production from the same pencil, denominated *Daphne de L'Olympe*, are now exhibited at No. 37 Courtlandt street. o8

DISSOLUTION.

THE firm of SACKETT & BRANCH, Printers, was dissolved on the 1st inst. All persons having demands against the firm will present them to the subscriber,

New York, Oct. 6, 1836. ISRAEL SACKETT.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

The New Series of the Spirit of the Times, for Town and Country, commenced its publication on the 20th February, 1836, (the Old Series comprised five volumes and a supplement of four numbers), and will be published every Saturday morning, on fine imperial paper, and with beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it, strongly enveloped and legibly directed, by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance	$5 00
For Six Months Subscription, in advance	2 50

The invariable charge for Advertisements is annexed:—

For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *in the paper*	$3 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	50
For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion *upon the cover*	$2 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, *ditto*	37½

Yearly advertisers upon the cover are only charged $15 per annum for one square, (22 lines) and at that rate; transient advertisers are expected to pay in advance, or give a city reference.

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

EDWIN L. GARVIN,
PRINTER.